THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDAR.

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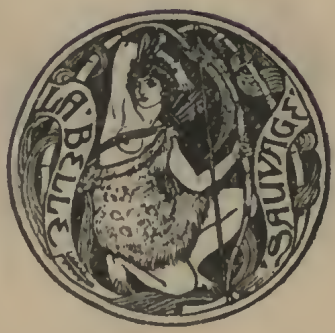
THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDAR.

BY

EDMUND SPENSER.



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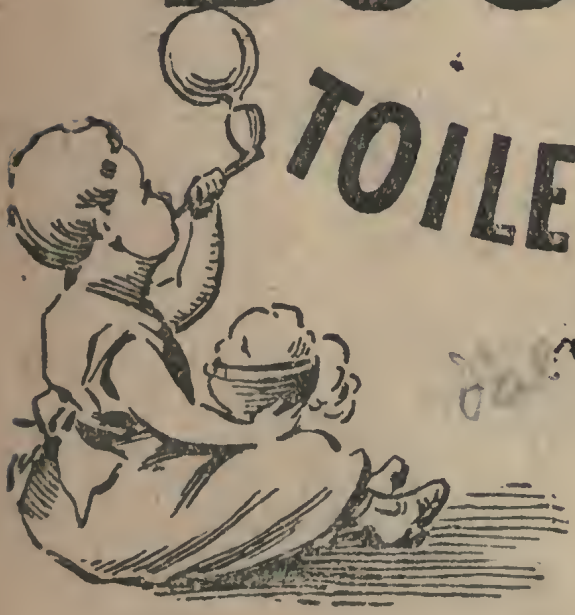

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book of music to the ear and to the mind was published in the year 1579, as the work of a new poet, introduced to the world by his friend "E. K."—an old college companion, Edmund Kirke. The "new poet" was Edmund Spenser, then twenty-six years, now three hundred and thirty-six years old, and ever young.

Edmund Spenser was of a Lancashire family, settled at Hurstwood, near Burnley, and in other parts of the same district. A Lettice Nowell married a Lawrence Spenser, and we find aid to the education of Spenser the poet in a MS. of "the spending of the money of Robert Nowell." The aid shows that he was being educated at Merchant Taylors' School. A John Spenser was described in 1566 as a free journeyman in the art and mystery of cloth-making, at that time in the service of Nicholas Peele, shearman, of Bow Lane.

Let us agree with Dr. Grosart, who has done most towards investigation of the Spenser settlement in North-East Lancashire, from which the poet sprang —with Edmund for a lineal Christian name—and believe that this John Spenser from Lancashire, engaged in business in London, was the poet's father. Spenser was born in London, at East Smithfields beyond the City walls, about the year 1553, which was the year of the death of King Edward VI. In the account book of Robert Nowell, Edmund Spenser is entered, in 1568 and 1569, not only as receiving aid as scholar at Merchant Taylors' School, but as going thence to Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, which make,

the identification perfect. The school had been first founded when Spenser was seven years old, and throve under its first head-master, Dr. Mulcaster, who trained his boys to act plays for the pleasure of the Queen. Thus Spenser may, as one of Dr. Mulcaster's boys, have acted in some play before her Majesty.

Spenser left school in 1569 for Pembroke Hall at Cambridge, and in the same year contributed metrical translations from Petrarch and Du Bellay to a miscellany, dated May 25th, 1569, put together by Jean van der Noodt, a Dutch physician, ardent for Church Reform, who was a refugee from the cruelties of Alva. The miscellany was called "A Theatre, wherein be represented as well the Miseries that follow Voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God."

That Spenser, a boy of sixteen, just passing from school to college, should count the refugee, Jean van der Noodt, among his friends, and contribute earnest verse translated from French and Italian to his "Theatre for Worldlings," shows that in the deep religious feeling that runs through his life, the boy was father to the man.

Spenser entered Pembroke Hall as a sizar. He studied at Cambridge during seven years; graduated as B.A. in 1573; as M.A. in 1576; and then went to his family in Lancashire, where he perhaps earned as a tutor. Colin Clout was then among the barren hills of the North, from which his friend Hobbinol (Gabriel Harvey) invited him to come to the South where richer shepherds dwell. Gabriel Harvey was employed, at times, in the service of the Earl of Leicester, who used trusted agents on the Continent to report upon the movements in aid of Church Reformation and do what secret service they could for its advancement. We know from a little book of Harvey's that he was about

to be sent by Leicester to the Continent at a time when he was active to obtain the post of Public Orator at Cambridge. He avoided going, by recommending his friend Edmund Spenser for the mission. Spenser came to London in 1578, and went abroad for Leicester. When he returned he was attached to Leicester's service, became the friend of Leicester's nephew, Philip Sidney, and soon afterwards was recommended to the service of Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, appointed Lord-Deputy to Ireland in troubled times, and went out with Lord Grey in 1580 as his private secretary. That was the year after he had published this first book of poems, "The Shepherds' Calendar."

"The Shepherds' Calendar" is full of significance. Its main interest is religious. The variety of music suggests work of a young poet in his training time; there is even a sixtine among the measures tried, shaped by artificial permutations of the six words closing the six lines of each stanza (on pages 113—115); the deep reverence for Chaucer (Tityrus) that is more than once expressed may possibly have caused Spenser to write the fables of "The Oak and the Brere" and "The Wolf and the Kid," as detached exercises in his style while yet a youth at college; other pieces may in like manner have been written without reference to the work with which they afterwards were interwoven. That Spenser, a poet of twenty-six, had fancy for an actual Rosalind is only natural; perhaps he had two or three such fancies. Whether he had or not, love-singing was necessary to a pastoral. His marriage was in later life, and the verse in which he then enshrined his wife shows that he had for her a deep and pure affection. The great interest of "The Shepherds' Calendar" lies not only in the rich variety of its music; the poet's distinct taking of Chaucer as his master and guide; the honour paid at the close to Langland's "Vision of Piers Ploughman;" Spenser's assumption of a name for himself in

poetry, as Colin Clout, from a poem of Henry the Eighth's day in which Skelton poured his soul out in rustic rhyme against the pride of Church corruption; but there is the bold directness of a young poet who must look for favour in high places, and yet dares to take his stand against the Queen herself in honouring Archbishop Grindal who, for fidelity to conscience in promoting independent study of the Scriptures, had fallen under the Queen's displeasure. His name is no more disguised than by a transposition of its syllables to Algrind; while Aylmer or Elmor, Bishop of London, unpopular among the Puritans, and one of those who, in administration of the Church, supplanted Grindal, was made to appear, with his syllables also transposed, as Morrell, a "goatherd proud," who, as a Bishop, loves the high seats on the hills. There is a boldness in some of these Eclogues that the prudent "E. K." takes evident pains to veil; and Spenser himself knows it to be not wholly without risk to his prospects when he makes Morrell say to Thomalin (page 102), "Harm may come of melling. Thou meddlest more than shall have thank," only a few lines before a direct reference to the Queen's displeasure against Grindal. It is good to see how the young Spenser begins life as a poet with Conscience turning Petty-prudence out of doors.

E. K.'s gloss has many uses. It is not to be taken as an authority on the origin of the names of elves, goblins, and lurdains, or on etymologies generally. But E. K. tells rightly what the old words used by Spenser mean; as a personal friend of the poet, he tells some things that we are glad to know; and he takes care to divert attention from the full meaning of passages that might offend the Queen. He did not know how strong the influence of Marot was upon Spenser. Of that influence I append two illustrations from my own life of Clement Marot, published eighteen years ago, and long since out of print. H. M.

TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little book: thy self present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing:
And askéd who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing
All as his straying flock he fed:
And, when his honour has thee read,
Crave pardon for my hardyhead.
But, if that any ask thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,

BOTH ORATOR AND POET,

MASTER GABRIEL HARVEY.

HIS VERY SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND E. K. COMMENDETH THE GOOD LIKING OF THIS HIS GOOD LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POET.

UNCOUTH, unkissed, said the old famous poet Chaucer: whom for his excellency and wonderful skill in making, his scholar Lydgate, a worthy scholar of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstar of our language: and whom our Colin Clout, in his Æglogue, calleth Tityrus the God of Shepherds, comparing him to the worthiness of the Roman Tityrus, Virgil. Which proverb, mine own good friend Mr. Harvey, as in that good old poet it served well Pandar's purpose for the bolstering of his brokage, so very well taketh place in this our new poet, who for that he is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkissed, and, unknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I doubt not, so soon as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of fame, but that he shall be not only kissed, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think,

deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral wiseness, his due observing of decorum everywhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech; and generally, in all seemly simplicity of handling his matter and framing his words: the which, of many things which in him be strange, I know will seem the strangest; the words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compass of speech so delightsome for the roundness, and so grave for the strangeness. And first of the words to speak, I grant they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English and also used of most excellent authors, and most famous poets. In whom, whenas this our poet hath been much travailed and thoroughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Orator said), but that walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his ears, he mought needs, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualty and custom, or of set purpose and choice,—as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudeness of shepherds, either for that their rough sound would make his rhymes more ragged and rustical, or else because such old and obsolete words are most used of country folk,—sure I think, and think

I think not amiss, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authority to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livy, and of other against Sallust, that with over much study they affect antiquity, as coveting thereby credence and honour of elder years, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemn words are a great ornament both in the one and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memory fail not, Tully, in that book wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the pattern of a perfect orator, saith that ofttimes an ancient word maketh the style seem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence grey hairs, for a certain religious regard which we have of old age. Yet neither everywhere must old words be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and manner of speaking so corrupted thereby that, as in old buildings, it seem disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portrait not only the dainty lineaments of beauty, but also round about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that by the baseness of such parts more excellency may accrue to the principal;—for ofttimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the show of such natural rudeness, and take great

pleasure in that disorderly order;—even so do those rough and harsh terms enlumine, and make more clearly to appear, the brightness of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a discord in music maketh a comely concordance; so great delight took the worthy poet Alcæus to behold a blemish in the joint of a well-shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemn, or of witless headiness in judging or of heedless hardiness in condemning: for, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one special praise of many which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words as have been long time out of use and almost clean disherited. Which is the only cause that our mother-tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default whenas some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, everywhere of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: so now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufray or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some, not so well seen in the English tongue as perhaps

in other languages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway that we speak no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in old time Evander's mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother-tongue to be counted strangers and aliens; the second shame no less than the first, that whatso they understand not, they straightway deem to be senseless, and not at all to be understood,—much like to the mole in Æsop's fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded that any beast could see; —the last, more shameful than both, that of their own country and natural speech, which together with their nurses' milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgment, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautify it, but also repine that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dog in the manger, that himself can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock that so fain would feed: whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I con them thank that they refrain from biting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joints and members thereof, and for all the compass of the speech, it is round without roughness, and learned without hardness; such indeed as may be perceived of the least, understood of the most, but judged only of the learned. For what in most English

writers useth to be loose, and as it were ungirt, in this author is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard whereof, I scorn and spew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rhymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter), which without learning boast, without judgment jangle, without reason rage and foam, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meanness of common capacity. And being in the midst of all their bravery, suddenly, either for want of matter, or of rhyme, or having forgotten their former conceit, they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia when the trance came upon her: "Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c."

Nevertheless, let them a God's name feed on their own folly, so they seek not to darken the beams of others' glory, As for Colin, under whose person the author's self is shadowed, how far he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shows, both himself sheweth where he saith,

"Of Muses Hobbin, I con no skill."

And

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c."

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, wherein it seemeth that he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather

in Æglogues than otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets which devised this kind of writing, being both so base for the matter and homely for the manner, at the first to try their abilities, and as young birds that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove their tender wings before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil as not well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuan as not being full summed. So Petrarch, so Boccace, so Marot, Sannazaro, and also divers other excellent, both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everywhere followeth, yet so as few, but they be well-scented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new poet, as a bird whose principals be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best.

Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, himself labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wandered in the common labyrinth of love; in which time to mitigate and allay the heat of his passion, or else to warn, as he saith, the young shepherds, as his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelve Æglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of

the twelve months he termeth the "Shepherds' Calendar," applying an old name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certain gloss, or scholion, for the exposition of old words, and harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wot, will seem strange and rare in our tongue; yet, for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would pass in the speedy course of reading, either as unknown, or as not marked, and that in this kind as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me, the rather for that, by means of some familiar acquaintance, I was made privy to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his; which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himself being for long time far estranged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence: as his "Dreams," his "Legends," his "Court of Cupid," and sundry others, whose commendations to set out were very vain, the things though worthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present pains, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own good Master Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthiness generally, and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations, vowed this my

labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friend's Poetry; himself having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipful Master Philip Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envy shall stir up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty rhetoric and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your goodwill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the author unto you as unto his most special good friend, and myself unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choice friends, I bid you both most heartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your own assuredly to be commanded,

E. K.

Postscript.—Now I trust, Master Harvey, that upon sight of your special friend's and fellow poet's doings, or else for envy of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be persuaded to pluck out of the hateful darkness those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong in depriving them of the desired sun; and also yourself, in

smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are very delicate and super-excellent. And thus again I take my leave of my good Master Harvey, from my lodging at London this 10th of April, 1579.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOK.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of Æglogues, having already touched the same. But, for the word Æglogues, I know is unknown to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, as they think, I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first, of the Greeks, the inventors of them called *Æglogai*, as it were, αἰγὼν or αἰγονόμων λόγοι, that is Goatherds' tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more shepherds than goatherds, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authority than in Virgil, this specially from that deriving as from the first head and well-spring the whole invention of these Æglogues, making goatherds the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossness of such as by colour of learning would make us believe that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter; which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the

thing, yet no whit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*, which sentence this author very well observing, upon good judgment, though indeed few goatherds have to do herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve Æglogues, everywhere answering to the seasons of the twelve months, may be well divided into three forms or ranks. For either they be plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, such as all those be which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or moral, which for the most part be mixed with some satirical bitterness, namely, the second, of reverence due to old age; the fifth, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepherds and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of poetry and pleasant wits. And to this division may everything herein be reasonably applied, a few only except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not privy to. And thus much generally of these twelve Æglogues.

Now will we speak particularly of all; and first, of the first, which he calleth by the first month's name, January: wherein to some he may seem foully to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that month, which beginneth not the year. For it is well

known and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the year beginneth in March; for then the sun reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof, being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worn away, relieveth.

This opinion maintain the old astrologers and philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydays of Saturn, which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, we maintain a custom of counting the seasons from the month of January, upon a more special cause than the heathen philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternal Redeemer the Lord Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compass of expired years to their former date, and first commencement, left to us his heirs a memorial of his birth in the end of the last year and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternal monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proof of special judgment.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the year was not perfected, as afterward it was by Julius Cæsar, they began to tell the months from March's beginning; and according to the same, God, as is said in Scripture, commanded the people of

the Jews to count the month Abib, that which we call March, for the first month, in remembrance that in that month he brought them out of the land of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of mightiest realms. For from Julius Cæsar, who first observed the leap-year, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odd wandering days which of the Greeks were called ὑπερβαλνοντες, of the Romans *intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the terms of the learned), the months have been numbered twelve, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but three hundred and four days in every year, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Roman ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sun nor of the moon, thereunto added two months, January and February; wherein it seemeth that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the year at January, of him therefore so called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and entrance of the year; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the year. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding

that the Egyptians begin their year at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the Scripture itself, God made the world in that month, that is called of them *Tisri*. And, therefore, He commanded them to keep the feast of Pavilions in the end of the year, in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, which before that time was the first.

But our author respecting neither the subtility of the one part, nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin with January; weening it perhaps no decorum that shepherds should be seen in matter of so deep insight, or canvass a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

IN this first Æglogue Colin Clout, a shepherd's boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind: with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flock. And, lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy, no better do him call,
When winter's wasteful spite was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent:
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now unnethes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was (alas the while!),
May seem he loved, or else some care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his style:

Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plained, the while his sheep there fed.

"Ye Gods of love, that pity lovers' pain
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity),
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my doleful dittie;
And, Pan, thou shepherd's god that once didst love,
Pity the pains that thou thyself didst prove.

"Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight:
Whilom thy fresh spring flowered, and after hasted
Thy summer proud, with daffodillies dight;
And now is come thy winter's stormy state,
Thy mantle marred, wherein thou maskedst late.

"Such rage as winter's reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stoures do breed my baleful smart,
As if my year were waste and woxen old!
And yet, alas! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,

And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blooms, wherewith your buds did flower;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

"Also my lustful leaf is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear
With breathéd sighs is blown away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

"Thou feeble flock, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy master's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

"A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour
Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see,
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stoure
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God, that love should breed both joy and pain!

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albee my love he seek with daily suit;

His clownish gifts and court'sies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts bene vain;
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

"I love thilk lass, (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

"Wherefore, my pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would;
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mind, yet canst not when thou should;
Both pipe and Muse shall sore the while abye."
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welkéd Phœbus can avail
His weary wain; and now the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhail:
Which seen, the pensive boy, half in despite,
Arose, and homeward drove his sunnéd sheep,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Anchora speme.

GLOSSARY.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly used, and yet have I seen a Poesie of Master Skelton's under that title. But indeed the word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a poet) in a certain Æglogue. Under which name this poet secretly shadoweth himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter than such Latin names, for the great unlikelyhood of the language.

Unnethes, scarcely.

Couthe, cometh of the verb *Conne*, that is, to know, or to have skill. As well interpreteth the same, the worthy Sir Thomas Smith, in his book of Government: whereof I have a perfect copy in writing, lent me by his kinsman and my very singular good friend, Master Gabriel Harvey: as also of some other his most grave and excellent writings.

Sythe, time.

Neighbour town, the next town: expressing the Latin *Vicina*.

Stoure, a fit.

Sere, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth Virgil's verse.

"Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis."

Hobbinol, is a feigned country name, whereby, it being so common and usual, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very special and most familiar friend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some savour of disorderly love, which the learned call *pœderastice*; but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath read Plato his dialogue called *Alcibiades*, Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates' opinions, may easily perceive that such love is much to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it: who saith, that indeed he loved Alcibiades extremely, but not Alcibiades' person, but his soul, which is Alcibiades' self. And so is *pœderastice* much to be preferred before

gynerastice, that is the love which enflameth men with lust toward womankind. But yet let no man think, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his devilish disciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sins of forbidden and unlawful fleshliness. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I love, a pretty Epanorthosis in these two verses; and with all a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith *I love thilk lass alas*, &c.

Rosalind is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered will bewray the very name of his love and mistress, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ovid shadoweth his love under the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Julia the Emperor Augustus his daughter, and wife to Agrippa. So doth Aruntius Stella everywhere call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albeit is well known that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous Paragon of Italy, Madonna Cœlia, in her letters envelopeth herself under the name of Zima: and Petrona under the name of Bellochia. And this generally hath been a common custom of counterfeiting the names of secret personages.

Avail, bring down.

Overhail, draw over.

EMBLEM.

His emblem or Poesy is here under added in Italian, *Anchora speme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and luckless love, yet, leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is rather moral and general, than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who for his crookedness and unlustiness is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the curdled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh with storms of fortune, and hoar frosts of care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Briar, so lively and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.

CUDDIE. THENOT.

Cuddie.

AH for pity, will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never gin to assuage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged routs all shiver and shake,
As do high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails,
Perk as a peacock but now it avails.

Thenot.

Lewdly complainest thou, lazy lad,

Of winter's wrack for making them sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live till the lusty prime?
Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears,
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne ever was to fortune foemán,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare.

Cuddie.

No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer;
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
And as the louring weather looks down,
So seem'st thou like Good Friday to frown:
But my flow'ring youth is foe to frost,
My ship unwont in storms to be tossed.

Thenot.

The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,

That, once sea-beat, will to sea again.
So loit'ring live you little herd-grooms,
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms:
And, when the shining sun laugheth once,
You deemen the spring is come at once;
Tho gin you, fond flies, the cold to scorn,
And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be Lords of the year;
But eft, when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furróws,
Drearily shooting his stormy dart,
Which curdles the blood and pricks the heart:
Then is your careless courage accoyed,
Your careful herds with cold bene annoyed:
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

Cuddie.

Ah, foolish old man, I scorn thy skill,
That would'st me my springing youth to spill:
I deem thy brain emperishéd be
Through rusty eld that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head very tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leans amiss.
Now thyself has lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop;
But were thy years green, as now be mine,

To other delights they would incline:
Tho would'st thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lassie's glove;
Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phyllis praise:
But Phyllis is mine for many days.
I won her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with bugle about the belt:
Such one as shepherds would make full fain;
Such an one would make thee young again.

Thenot.

Thou art a fon of thy love to boast;
All that is lent to love will be lost.

Cuddie.

Seest how brag yon bullock bears,
So smirk, so smooth, his prickéd ears?
His horns bene as broad as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lithe as lass of Kent:
See how he venteth into the wind;
Weenest of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
So lustless be they, so weak, so wan;
Clothéd with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
Like wailful widows hangen their crags;
The rather lambés bene starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

Thenot.

Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly t' advance thy headless hood;
For youth 's a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn Penánce,
And stoop-gallant Age, the host of Grievánce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I conned of Tityrus in my youth;
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

Cuddie.

To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his devise;
They bene so well-thewéd, and so wise,
Whatever that good old man bespake.

Thenot.

Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love and some of chivalry;
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen awhile and hearken the end.
There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed:
The body big, and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;

Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochell mast to th' husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the grey moss marréd his rine;
His baréd boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seeméd to threat the firmament:
It was embellished with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonnéd to repair
The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their garlands with his coloúrs;
And in his small bushes used to shroud
The sweet nightingale singing so loud;
Which made this foolish Brere wax so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
"Why standst there (quoth he), thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seést how fresh my flowers bene spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrainéd in lusty green;
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth:

My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove."
So spake this bold Brere with great disdain:
Little him answeréd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was overcrawed.

It chancéd after upon a day,
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom for to survey his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
Causeless complainéd, and loudly cried
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife.

"Oh, my liege lord! the god of my life!
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Causéd of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And, by your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie."

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bad the Brere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk:)
His colouréd crime with craft to cloak.

"Ah, my sov'reign! Lord of creatures all, (63)

Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land;
With flow'ring blooms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches are broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire;
Hind'ring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide;
Untimely my flowers forcéd to fall,
That bene th' honoúr of your coronal:
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spite;
And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowerets been defaced:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to assuage
The rancorous rigoúr of his might,
Nought ask I, but only to hold my right;
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance."
To this the Oak cast him to replie
Well as he couth; but his enemie
Had kindled such coals of displeasúre,

That the good man nould stay his leisúre,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Increasing 's wrath with many a threat:
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand
(Alas, that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth!)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooléd be;
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the vast Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain;
Seeméd the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crosséd with the priest's crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew:
But siké fancies were foolerie,
And brought this Oak to this miserie;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groanéd under the blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had piercéd his pith,
Tho' down to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,

Th' earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake:—
There lieth the Oak, pitied of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasánce;
But all this glee had no continuánce,
For eftsoones winter gan to approach;
The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Brere;
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now gan he repent his pride too late;
For, naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalké dead,
The wat'ry wet weighéd down his head,
And heapéd snow burdened him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And, being down, is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and bruiséd, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning Eld—

Cuddie.

Now pri' thee, shepherd, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speech,
That grafféd to the ground is my breech:
My heart-blood is well nigh frorne, I feel,
And my galage grown fast to my heel:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
Hie thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche e vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIE'S EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSARY.

Keen, sharp.

Gride, pierced: an old word much used of Lydgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Wrack, ruin or violence, whence cometh shipwreck: and not *wreak*, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foeman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a shepherd in Marot his Æglogues.

The sovereign of seas, is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publianus, which used this proverb in a verse.

"Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit."

Herd-grooms, Chaucer's verse almost whole.

Fond flies: He compareth careless sluggards, or ill husbandmen, to flies that, so soon as the sun shineth, or yet waxeth anything warm, begin to fly abroad, when suddenly they be overtaken with cold.

But eft when, a very excellent and lively description of winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter season.

Breme, chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinkled.

Accoyed, plucked down and daunted.

Surquedrie, pride.

Eld, old age.

Sicker, sure.

Tottie, wavering.

Corbe, crooked.

Herie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maid unknown, whom Cuddie, whose person is secret, loved. The name is usual in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuan.

Belt, a girdle or waist-band.

A fon, a fool.

Lithe, soft and gentle.

Ventèth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flock's father, the ram.

Crags, necks.

Rather lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the year.

Youth is, a very moral and pithy Allegory of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a weary wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose he means Chaucer, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memory of his name shall live, and the name of poetry shall endure.

Well-thewed, that is, *Bene moratæ*, full of moral wiseness.

There grew: This tale of the Oak and the Briar, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is clean in another kind, and rather like to Æsop's fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certain Icon, or Hypotyposis of disdainful younkers.

Embellished, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, check.

Why standst, the speech is scornful and very presumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in grain.

Accloyeth, encumbereth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Sterne strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

Coronal, garland.

Flowerets, young blossoms.

The primrose, the chief and worthiest.

Naked arms, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging him to the fire.

The blood, spoken of a block, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they say) κατ' ἐικασμον.

Hoary locks, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Ay, evermore.

Wounds, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priest's crew, holy water pot, wherewith the popish priest used to sprinkle and hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times, which the poet supposeth to have been the final decay of this ancient Oak.

The block oft groaned, a lively figure, which giveth sense and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgil also sayeth: "Saxa gemunt gravido," &c.

Boreas, the northern wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, cheer and jollity.

For scorning Eld, and minding (as should seem) to have made rhyme to the former verse, he is cunningly cut off by Cuddie, as disdaining to hear any more.

Galage, a startup or clownish shoe.

EMBLEM.

This emblem is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himself most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loveth, like to himself, in heaping years unto their days,

and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto those whom God will so bless. And albeit that many evil men reach unto such fulness of years, and some also were old in misery and thraldom, yet therefore is not age ever the less blessing. For even to such evil men such number of years is added, that they may in their last days repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rash-headed boy for despising his grey and frosty hairs.

Whom Cuddy doth counterbuff with a biting and bitter proverb, spoken indeed at the first in contempt of old age generally: for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some men's conceit, that men of years have no fear of God at all, or not so much as younger folk; for that being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storms of fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and adversity, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides: like unto the ape, of which is said in Æsop's fables, that, oftentimes meeting the lion, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimness and austerity of his countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his looks, he was so far from fearing him, that he would familiarly gibe and jest with him: such long experience breedeth in some men security. Although it please Erasmus, a great clerk, and good old father, more fatherly and favourably to construe it, in his Adages, for his own behoof: that by the proverb, "Nemo senex metuit Jovem," is not meant, that old men have no fear of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is Jupiter. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plain to be gainsaid, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries than younger heads.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two shepherd's boys, taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love and other pleasance which to spring time is most agreeable. The special meaning hereof is, to give certain marks and tokens to know Cupid, the poet's god of love. But more particularly, I think, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned love and his knights so long, till at length himself was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of some beautiful regard, which is Cupid's arrow.

WILLY.

Wil. THOMALIN, why sit we so,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fair a morrow?
The joyous time now nighés fast,
That shall allay this bitter blast,
And slake the winter's sorrow.
Tho. Sicker, Willy, thou warnest well;
For winter's wrath begins to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grass now gins to be refreshed,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.
Wil. Seést not thilk same hawthorn stud,
How bragly it begins to bud,

And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,
That new is uprist from bed:
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice to wax light,
That scornfully looks askance;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That now sleepéth in Lethe lake,
And pray him lead our dance.
Tho. Willy, I ween thou be assot;
For lusty Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at 's game.
Wil. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thyself his slumber broke,
Or made privy to th' same?
Tho. No; but haply I him spied,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;
And, were not that my sheep would stray,
The privy marks I would bewray
Whereby by chance I him knew.
Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy;
Myself will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine;
For als at home I have a sire,
A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.

Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chance to swerve,
And fall into some mischiéf:
For sithens is but the third morrow
That I chanced to fall asleep with sorrow
And waked again with grief;
The while thilk same unhappy ewe,
Whose clouted leg her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck bene jointed attones,
She should have need no more spell;
Th'elf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trow can better good,)
She mought ne gang on the green.
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seen.
Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepherds, grooms, had leavé to play,
I cast to go a shooting.
Long wand'ring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting.
At length within an ivy tod,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busy bustling,
I bent my bolt against the bush,

Listening if anything did rush,
But then heard no more rustling:
Tho, peeping close into the thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
My courage yearned it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swain
With spotted wings, like peacock's train,
And laughing lope to a tree;
His gilden quiver at his back,
And silver bow, which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing, I levélled again
And shot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastly hent
And threw; but nought availed:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leapéd light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith afraid, I ran away;
But he, that erst seemed but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heel:
For then I little smart did feel,

But soon it sore increased;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it fest'reth sore,
Ne wot I how to cease 't.
Wil. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with love thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token;
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set
That in our pear-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a wingéd lad,
But bow and shafts as then none had,
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stooping Phœbus steeps his face:
It's time to haste us homeward.

WILLIE'S EMBLEM.

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to Gods above.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

Of honey and of gall in love there is store;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.

GLOSSARY.

This Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischief to come.

Overwent, overgone.

Alegge, to lessen or assuage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the sky.

The swallow, which bird useth to be counted the messenger, and as it were, the forerunner of spring.

Flora, the goddess of flowers, but indeed (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which, with the abuse of her body having gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heir; who, in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feast for the memorial of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some do think, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddess of flowers, and doing yearly to her solemn sacrifice.

Maia's bower, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. Maia is a goddess, and the mother of Mercury, in honour of whom the month of May is of her name so called, as saith Macrobius.

Lettice, the name of some country lass.

Askance, askew, or asquint.

For-thy, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulness. Wherein the souls being dipped did forget the cares of their former life. So that by love sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winter's hardness, when all pleasures, as it were, sleep and wear out of mind.

Assot, to dote.

His slumber, to break love's slumber is to exercise the delights of love and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so is he feigned of the poets.

For als, he imitateth Virgil's verse——

'Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverca,' &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charm, that in older times they used often to say over everything that they would have preserved, as the nightspell for thieves, and the woodspell. And herehence, I think, is named the gospel, as it were God's spell or word. And so saith Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gang, goe.

An ivy tod, a thick bush.

Swain, a boy: for so is he described of the poets to be a boy, s. always fresh and lusty; blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages; with divers coloured wings, s. full of flying fancies; with bow and arrow, that is, with glance of beauty, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is said also to have shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loved, and sorrow for the lover that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold Cupid's colours and furniture, let him read either Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of *winged love*, being now most excellently translated into Latin, by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus: which work I have seen, amongst other of this poet's doings, very well translated also into English rhymes.

Wimble and wight, quick and deliver.

In the heele, is very poetically spoken, and not without special judgment. For I remember that in honour it is said of Thetis, that she took her young babe Achilles, being newly born, and, holding him by the heel, dipped him in the River of Styx. The virtue whereof is, to defend and keep the bodies washed therein from any mortal wound. So Achilles being washed all over, save only his heel, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable: therefore by Paris was feigned to be shot with a poisoned arrow in the heel, while he was busy about the marrying of Polyxena in the Temple of Apollo: which mystical

fable Eustathius unfolding saith: that by wounding in the heel is meant lustful love. For from the heel (as say the best physicians) to the privie parts there pass certain veins and slender sinews, as also the like come from the head, and are carried like little pipes behind the ears: so that (as saith Hippocrates) if those veins there be cut asunder, the party straight becometh cold and unfruitful. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepherd's boy of purpose to be wounded by love in the heel.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once: In this tale is set out the simplicity of shepherds' opinion of love.

Stooping Phœbus is a periphrasis of the sun setting.

EMBLEM.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but folly mixed with bitterness, and sorrow sauced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of love itself tormenteth the mind, and vexeth the body many ways, with unrestfulness all night, and weariness all day, seeking for that we cannot have, and finding that we would not have: even the self things which best before us liked, in course of time and change of riper years, which also therewithall changeth our wonted liking and former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed us annoyance, when youth's flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answer not to such vain jollitie and lustful pleasaunce.

Queen Eliz. eclogue

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinol and Thenot, two shepherds: the which Hobbinol, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love: whereby his mind was alienate and withdrawn not only from him who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping as conning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellence and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

The. TELL me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee gre
What? hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy bagpipe broke that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy lovéd lass forlorn?

Or bene thine eyes attempered to the year,
Quenching the gasping furrows' thirst with rain?
Like April shower so streams the trickling tear
Adown thy cheek to quench thy thirsty pain.

Hob. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad whom long I loved so dear,
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:
He, plunged in pain, his tresséd locks doth tear.

Shepherds' delights he doth them all forswear;
His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a lad, you so lament?
Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?

Hob. Colin thou kenst, the southern shepherd's boy;
Him love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whilom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
alt
seeit now from me his madding mind is start,
is w
And woes the widow's daughter of the glen;
such
now fair Rosalind hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changed for a fren.

The. But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record some one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in sight,
And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

Hob. Contented I: then will I sing his lay
Of fair Elisa, queen of shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tunéd it unto the water's fall.

"Ye dainty nymphs, that in this blesséd brook
Do bathe your breast,
Forsake your watery bowers, and hither look,
At my request:
And eke you virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sex doth all excel.

"Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flower of virgins: may she flourish long
In princely plight!
For she is Syrinx daughter without spot,
Which Pan, the shepherd's god, of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortal blemish may her blot.

"See, where she sits upon the grassy green,
(O seemly sight!)
Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden queen,
And ermines white:

Upon her head a crimson coronet,
With damask roses and daffodillies set:
  Bay leaves between,
  And primroses green,
Embellish the sweet violet.

"Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
  Like Phœbe fair?
Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
  Can you well compare?
The red rose medléd with the white yfere,
In either cheek depicting lively cheer:
  Her modest eye,
  Her majesty,
Where have you seen the like but there?

"I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,
  Upon her to gaze:
But, when he saw how broad her beams did spread,
  It did him amaze.
He blushed to see another sun below,
Nor durst again his fiery face out show:
  Let him, if he dare,
  His brightness compare
With hers, to have the overthrow.

"Show thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
  And be not abashed:

When she the beams of her beauty displays,
O, how art thou dashed!
But I will not match her with Latona's seed,
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed:
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily moan,
Warning all other to take heed.

"Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a Bellibone;
And Syrinx rejoice that ever was her lot
To bear such an one.
Soon as my younglings crying for the dam
To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
She is my goddess plain,
And I her shepherd's swain,
Albeit forswonck and forswat I am.

"I see Calliope speed her to the place,
Where my goddess shines;
And after her the other Muses trace,
With their violines.
Be they not bay branches which they do bear,
All for Elisa in her hand to wear?
So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

"Lo! how finely the Graces can it foot
To the instrument:
They dancing deftly, and singing soote,
In their merriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even?
Let that room to my lady be given:
She shall be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the rest in heaven.

"And whither runs this bevy of ladies bright,
Ranged in a row?
They be all Ladies of the Lake behight,
That unto her go.
Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
Of olive branches bears a coronal:
Olives being for peace,
When wars do surcease:
Such for a princess be principal.

"Ye shepherds' daughters, that dwell on the green,
Hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that virgins bene,
To adorn her grace:
And, when you come whereas she is in place,
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace:
Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waist,
For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace.

"Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gilliflowers;
Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
Worn of paramours:
Strew me the ground with daffadowndillies,
And cowslips, and kingcups, and lovéd lilies:
The pretty pawnce;
And the chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fair flowerdelice.

"Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art
In royal array;
And now ye dainty damsels may depart
Each one her way.
I fear I have troubled your troops too long:
Let dame Elisa thank you for her song:
And if you come hither
When damsons I gather,
I will part them all you among."

The. And was thilk same song of Colin's own making?
Ah, foolish boy! that is with love yblent:
Great pity is, he be in such taking,
For nought caren that bene so lewdly bent.

Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchase:

But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling stars the daylight hence chase.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O dea certe!

GLOSSARY.

Gars thee greete, causeth thee weep and complain.

Forlorn, left and forsaken.

Attempered to the year, agreeable to the season of the year, that is April, which month is most bent to showers and seasonable rain: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused through dryness of March winds.

The lad, Colin Clout.

The lass, Rosalinda.

Tressed locks, wreathed and curled.

Is he for a lad? a strange manner of speaking, s. what manner of lad is he?

To make, to rhyme and versify. For in this word, *making*, our old English poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of poetry, according to the Greek word ποιεῖν, to make, whence cometh the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some southern nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downs, and before, *As lythe* as *lass of Kent*.

The Widow's, he calleth Rosalind the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person, than

simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and manners; but such indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobbinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues: specially deserving it no less than either Myrto, the most excellent poet Theocritus his darling, or Lauretta the divine Petrarch's goddess, or Himera, the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol, upon whom he is said so much to have doted, that, in regard of her excellency, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his presumptuous and unheedy hardiness, he is said by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes.

Fren, a stranger. The word, I think, was first poetically put, and afterwards used in common custom of speech for foreign.

Dight, adorned.

Lay, a song, as roundelays and virelays.

In all this song is not to be respected, what the worthiness of her Majesty deserveth, nor what to the highness of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meanness of a shepherd wit, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elisa, as through rudeness tripping in her name; and a shepherd's daughter, it being very unfit that a shepherd's boy, brought up in the sheepfold, should know, or ever seem to have heard of, a Queen's royalty.

Ye daintie, is, as it were, an Exordium *ad preparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memory, whose abode the poets feign to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that country specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon is both the name of a fountain at the foot of Parnassus, and also of a mountain in Bœotia, out of which floweth the famous spring Castalius, dedicate also to the

Muses: of which spring it is said that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renown) struck the ground with his hoof, suddenly thereout sprang a well of most clear and pleasant water, which from thenceforth was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus ἀργύριον μέλος.

Syrinx is the name of a nymph of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in love pursued, she, flying from him, of the gods was turned into a reed. So that Pan catching at the reeds, instead of the damsel, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind), with his breath made the reeds to pipe; which he seeing, took of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pipe thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought that the shepherd simply meant those poetical gods; but rather supposing (as seemeth) her grace's progeny to be divine and immortal (so as the Paynims were wont to judge of all kings and princes, according to Homer's saying, —

"Θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστι διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
Τιμὴ δ' ἐκ Διός ἐστι, φιλεῖ δέ ἑ μητίετα Ζεύς,")

could devise no parents in his judgment so worthy for her as Pan the shepherd's god and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highness' father, late of worthy memory, King Henry the Eighth. And by that name ofttimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty potentates, and in some place Christ Himself, who is the very Pan and god of shepherds.

Cremosin coronet, he deviseth her crown to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instead of pearls and precious stones, wherewith princes' diadems use to be adorned and embossed.

Embellish, beautify and set out.

Phœbe, the moon, whom the poets feign to be sister unto Phœbus, that is, the sun.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the red rose and the

white is meant the uniting of the two principal houses of Lancaster and York: by whose long discord and deadly debate this realm many years was sore travailed, and almost clean decayed. Till the famous Henry the Seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most virtuous Princess Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of York, begat the most royal Henry the Eighth aforesaid, in whom was the first union of the white rose and the red.

Calliope, one of the nine Muses, to whom they assign the honour of all poetical invention, and the first glory of the heroical verse. Others say, that she is the goddess of rhetoric; but by Virgil it is manifest that they mistake the thing. For there, in his epigrams, that art seemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying—

"Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu."

Which seemeth specially to be meant of action and elocution, both special parts of rhetoric: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part; but I hold rather with them which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches be the sign of honour and victory, and therefore of mighty conquerors worn in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his sonnets,

"Arbor vittoriosa triomphale,
Honour d' Imperadori e di Poeti," &c.

The Graces be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne; and Homer only added a fourth, s. Pasithea), otherwise called Charites, that is thanks: whom the poets feigned to be the goddesses of all bounty and comeliness, which therefore (as saith Theodontius) they make three, to wit, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to other freely; then to receive benefits at other men's hands courteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully; which are three sundry actions in liberality. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeed

on the tomb of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her back toward us, and her face fromward, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us, noting double thanks to be due to us for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly.

Soote, sweet.

Merriment, mirth.

Bevy, a bevy of ladies is spoken figuratively for a company or troop: the term is taken of larks. For they say a bevy of larks, even as a covey of partridges, or an eye of pheasants.

Ladies of the Lake be Nymphes. For it was an old opinion amongst the ancient heathen, that of every spring and fountain was a goddess the Sovereign. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many years since, by means of certain fine fablers and loud liars, such as were the authors of King Arthur the Great, and such like, who tell many an unlawful leasing of the ladies of the lake, that is, the nymphs. For the word Nymph in Greek signifieth well water, or otherwise, a spouse or bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a nymph, and signifieth greenness; of whom is said, that Zephyrus, the western wind, being in love with her, and coveting her to wife, gave her for a dowry the chiefdom and sovereignty of all flowers and green herbs growing on earth.

Olives bene, the olive was wont to be the ensign of peace and quietness, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace; or else for that the olive tree, they say, will not grow near the fir tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battle, and used most for spears and other instruments of war. Whereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the city of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minerva's stroke sprang out an olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Bind your, spoken rudely, and according to shepherd's simplicity.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flower in colour much like to a carnation, but differing in smell and quantity. *Flower delice*, that which they use to misterm flower deluce, being in Latin called *Flos delitiarum*.

A Bellibone, or bonibel, homely spoken for a fair maid or bonny lass.

Forswonck, and *forswat*, overlaboured and sunburnt.

I saw Phœbus, the sun. A sensible narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call παρουσία.

Cynthia, the moon, so called of *Cynthus*, a hill, where she was honoured.

Latona's seed was Apollo and Diana. Whom, whenas Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her womb, namely her seven sons and so many daughters, Latona, being therewith displeased, commanded her son Phœbus to slay all the sons, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the poets to be turned into a stone, upon the sepulchre of her children: for which case the shepherd saith he will not compare her to them, for fear of like misfortune.

Now rise is the conclusion. For, having so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thanks of his labour to the excellency of her majesty.

When damsons, a base reward of a clownish giver.

Y blent, Y is a poetical addition; *blent*, blinded.

EMBLEM.

This poesy is taken out of Virgil, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeness of one of Diana's damsels: being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinity Hobbinol comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being, through the worthiness of Colin's song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of

his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration (*O quam te memorem virgo!*), being otherwise unable than by sudden silence, to express the worthiness of his conceit. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approvance that Elisa is no whit inferior to the majesty of her, of whom that poet so boldly pronounced *O dea certe.*

MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fifth Æglogue, under the persons of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two forms of pastors or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic; whose chief talk standeth in reasoning whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom having showed that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good will, he telleth him a tale of the Fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous Kid.

PALINODE. PIERS.

Palinode. Is nót thilke the merry month of May,
Whén love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our bloncket liveries bene all too sad
For thilke same season, when all 's yclad
With pleasaunce; the ground with grass, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
Youth's folk now flocken in everywhere,
To gather May-buskets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the Kirk pillars ere daylight,
With hawthorn buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and sops in wine.

Such merimake holy saints doth queme,
But we here sitten as drowned in a dream.
Piers. For younkers, Palinode, such follies fit,
But we tway bene men of elder wit.
Pal. Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shoal of shepherds out go
With singing and shouting and jolly cheer:
Before them yode a lusty tabrere,
That to a many a hornpipe played,
Whereto they dance, each one with his maid.
To see those folks make such jovysaunce
Made my heart after the pipe to dance:
Tho to the green wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home may with their musical:
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as king: and his queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their maybush bear!)
Ah, Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to think
How great sport they gainen with little swinck?
Piers. Perdie, so far am I from envy,
That their fondness inly I pity:
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sheep run at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton merriment.

Thilke same bene shepherds for the Devil's stead,
That playen while their flocks be unfed:
Well is it seen their sheep bene not their own,
That letten them run at randon alone:
But they bene hiréd for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they
What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
I muse, what account both these will make;
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And th'other for leaving his lord's task,
When great Pan account of shepherds shall ask.

Pal. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spite,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight,
I (as I am) had rather be envíed,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitíed:
And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
Rather then other should scorn at me:
For pitied is mishap that nas remedie,
But scornéd bene deeds of fond foolerie.
What shoulden shepherds other things tend,
Than, sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasúre,
The while they here liven at ease and leisúre?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepen in rest, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost.

Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good for none other end.
Piers. Ah! Palinode, thou art a world's child:
Who touches pitch mought needs be defiled;
But shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
Might not live ylike as men of the lay.
With them it sits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritáge do impair.
They must provide for means of maint'nánce,
And to continue their wont countenánce
But shepherd must walk another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must forsay.
The son of 's loins why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his ways he stood?
For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little boots all the wealth and the trust
That his father left by inheritance;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernance;
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong chevisance,
Heaping up wavés of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them overflow
Sike men's folly I cannot compare
Better then to the ape's foolish care,
That 's so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wot, such cause hath she none)

That with her hard hold and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, whenas good is meant,
Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may again retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath been beforne)
When shepherds had none inheritánce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferánce
But what might arise of the bare sheep,
(Were it more or less) which they did keep.
Well ywis was it with shepherds tho:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgo;
For Pan himself was their inheritánce,
And little them served for their maintenánce,
The shepherds' god so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
And their flocks' fleeces them to arráy:
But tract of time, and long prosperity,
That nurse of vice, this of insolency,
Lulled the shepherds in such security,
That, not content with loyal obeisánce,
Some gan to gape for greedy governánce,
And match themselves with mighty potentates,
Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states.
Tho gan shepherds swains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to lie soft:
Tho, under colour of shepherds, somewhile

There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devouréd their own sheep,
And oft the shepherds that did them keep:
This was the first source of shepherds' sorrow,
That now nill be quit with bail nor borrow.

Pal. Three things to bear bene very burdenóus.
But the fourth to forbear is outrageous:
Women, that of love's longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen but have it they must:
So when choler 's inflaméd with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to assuage:
And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
With patience to forbear the offered bowl?
But, of all burdens that a man can bear,
Most is, a fool's talk to bear and to hear,
I ween the giant has not such a weight,
That bears on his shoulders the heaven's height.
Thou findest fault where nis to be found,
And buildest strong work upon a weak ground:
Thou railest on, right without reason,
And blamest hem much for all encheason.
How shoulden shepherds live, if not so?
What, should they pynen in pain and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow,
If I may rest I nill live in sorrow.

Sorrow ne need be hastenéd on,
For he will come, without calling, anon.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,

Usen we freely our felicitie;
For, when approachen the stormy stowres,
We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp showers;
And, sooth to say, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepherds so witen each others' life,
And layen their faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done each of hem scorn.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended,
So conteck soon by concord mought be ended.

Piers. Shepherd, I list none accordance make
With shepherd that doth the right way forsake:
And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had liever my foe than my friend he be;
For what concord han light and dark sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lamb?
Such faitors when their false hearts bene hid,
Will do as did the Fox by the Kid.

Pal. Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying:
For the lad can keep both our flocks from straying.

Piers. Thilke same Kid (as I can well devise)
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a time, in summer season,
The goat her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To browse, or play, or what she thought good:
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young son, and wit to beware,

She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout:
The blossoms of lust to bud did begin,
And spring forth rankly under his chin.
"My son" (quoth she, and with that gan weep, 184
For careful thoughts in her heart did creep),
"God bless thee, poor orphan! as he mought me,
And send thee joy of thy jollitee.
Thy father" (that word she spake with pain,
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twain),
"Thy father, had he livéd this day,
To see the branch of his body display,
How would he have joyed at this sweet sight!
But ah, false Fortune such joy did him spite,
And cut off his days with untimely woe,
Betraying him into the trains of his foe.
Now I, a wailful widow behight,
Of my old age have this one delight,
To see thee succeed in thy father's stead,
And flourish in flowers of lustyhead:
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his haughty horns did he weld."
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech 209

With some old sorrow that made a new breach:
Seeméd she saw in the youngling's face
The old lineaménts of his father's grace.
At last her solemn silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
"Kiddie" (quoth she), "thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wild beasts liggen in wait
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Fox, master of collusion:
For he has vowéd thy last confusion.
For-thy, my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And ne'er give trust to his treacheree:
And, if he chance come when I 'm abroad,
Sperre the gate fast for fear of fraud:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the door at his request."
So schooléd the goát her wanton son,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensive dame out of door,
And chanced to stumble at the threshold floor:
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such, as signs of ill luck, bene dispraised;)
Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast:
And Kiddie the door sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false Fox came to the door anon:
Not as a Fox, for then he had be kend,

But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truss of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in his pack:
A biggen he had got about his brain,
For in 's head-piece he felt a sore pain:
His hinder heel was wrapped in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the door he cast me down his pack,
And laid him down and groaned, "Alack! Alack!
Ah, dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charity!
That some good body would once pity me!"
Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And longed to know the cause of 's complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the fox him spied;
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.
"Ah, good young master!" (then gan he cry).
"Jesus bless that sweet face I espy,
And keep your corpse from the careful stounds
That in my carrion carcase abounds."
The Kid, pitying his heaviness,
Askéd the cause of his great distress,
And also who, and whence that he were?
Tho he, that had well yconned his lere,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
"Sick, sick, alas! a little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead.

I 'm a poor sheep, albe my colour dun,
For with long travel I 'm brent in the sun:
And, if that my grandsire me said be true,
Sicker, I am very sybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead do not disdain
The base kindred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and favoúr, then, I you pray
With your aid to fore-stall my near decay."
Tho out of his pack a glass he took,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,
He was so enamoured with the newell,
That nought he deemed dear for the jewel.
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The false fox, as he weré stark lame:
His tail he clapped betwixt his legs twain,
Lest he should be descried by his train.
Being within, the Kiddie made him good glee,
All for the love of the glass he did see.
After his chere the pedlar gan chat,
And tell many leasings of this and that,
And how he could show many a fine knack:
Tho showed his ware and opened his pack.
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kid to find:
Which when the Kid stoopéd down to catch,
He popped him in, and his basket did latch:
Nor stayed he once the door to make fast,
But ran away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtful dam had her hied
She mought see the door stand open wide.
All aghast, loudly she gan to call
Her Kid; but he nould answer at all:
Tho on the floor she saw the merchandise
Of which her son had set too dear a price
What help? her Kid she knew well was gone:
She weeped, and wailed and madé great moan,
Such end had the kid, for he nould warned be
Of craft, colóuréd with simplicitie:
And such end, perdie, does all hem remain,
That of such falsers' friendship been fain.

Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the mark, weeníng it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to say to-morrow
At the kirk, when it is holiday;
For well he means, but little can say.
But, and if Foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shephérds hem to know.

Piers. Of their falsehood more could I recount,
But now the bright sun ginneth to dismount;
And, for the dewy night now draw'th nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Πᾶς μεν ἄπιστος ἄπιστεῖ.

PIERS HIS EMBLEM.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ;

GLOSSARY.

Thilke, this same month. It is applied to the season of the month when all men delight themselves with pleasaunce of fields, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liveries, gray coats.

Yclad, arrayed, Y redoundeth, as before.

In everywhere a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets, a diminutive, s. little bushes of hawthorn.

Kirk, church.

Queme, please.

A shoal, a multitude, taken of fish, whereof some, going in great companies, are said to swim in a shoal.

Yode, went.

Jovyssaunce, joy.

Swinck, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faitours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepherds, which calleth Himself the great and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinks) applied to Him; for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius, in his fifth book *De Preparat. Evang.*, who thereof telleth a proper story to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his book of the ceasing of Oracles: and of Lavatere translated, in his book of walking sprights; who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered His most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certain passengers sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certain isles called Paxa, heard a voice calling aloud Thamus, Thamus! (now Thamus was the name of an Egyptian, which was pilot of the ship) who, giving ear to the

cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tell that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to do, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there suddenly was such a calm of wind, that the ship stood still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry aloud, that Pan was dead: wherewithal there was heard such piteous outcries, and dreadful shrieking, as hath not been the like. By which Pan, though of some be understood the great Satanas, whose kingdom at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternal death (for at that time, as he saith, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace): and also at the demand of the Emperor Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the son of Mercury and Penelope: yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the only and very Pan, then suffering for His flock.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common proverb, *malim invidere mihi omnes, quam miserescere.*

Nas is a syncope, for *ne has*, or *has not:* as *nould* for *would not.*

Tho with them doth imitate the epitaph of the riotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tomb in Greek: which verses be thus translated by Tully:

> "Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
> Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.

Which may thus be turned into English:

> "All that I eat did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged:
> As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the epitaph of a good old Earl of Devonshire, which though much more wisdom bewrayeth than Sardanapalus, yet hath a smack of his sensual delights and beastliness: the rhymes be these:

> "Ho, ho! who lies here?
> I the good Earl of Devonshire,

And Maud my wife that was full dear:
We lived together fifty-five year.
That we spent, we had:
That we gave, we have:
That we left, we lost."

Algrind, the name of a shepherd.
Men of the lay, Laymen.
Enaunter, least that.
Sovenaunce, remembrance.
Miscreance, despair, or misbelief.
Chevisaunce, sometime of Chaucer used for gain: sometime of other for spoil, or booty, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdom.

Pan himself, God: according as is said in Deuteronomy, that, in division of the land of Canaan, to the tribe of Levi no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God himself was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which usurp a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peter's counterfeit keys open a wide gate to all wickedness and insolent government. Nought here spoken as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governance (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unrest and hindrance of the Church) but to display the pride and disorder of such as, instead of feeding their sheep, indeed feed of their sheep.

Source, wellspring and original.
Borrow, pledge or surety.

The giant is the great Atlas, whom the poets feign to be a huge giant, that beareth Heaven on his shoulders: being indeed a marvellous high mountain in Mauritania, that now is Barbary, which, to man's seeming, pierceth the clouds, and seemeth to touch the heavens. Others think, and they not amiss, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same country (of whom may be that that hill had his denomination), brother to Prometheus, who (as the Greeks say) did first find out the hidden courses of the stars, by an excellent imagination: wherefore the poets feigned that he sustained the

firmament on his shoulders. Many other conjectures needless be told hereof.

Warke, work.

Encheason, cause, occasion.

Dear borrow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all men's debts to death.

Wyten, blame.

Nought seemeth, is unseemly.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, their, as useth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsop's fables, but the catastrophe and end is far different. By the kid may be understood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his dam Christ, that hath already with careful watchwords (as here doth the goat) warned her little ones to beware of such doubling deceit. By the fox, the false and faithless Papists, to whom is no credit to be given, nor fellowship to be used.

The Gate, the goat: northernly spoken, to turn O into A.

Yode, went: aforesaid.

She set, a figure called *Fictio*, which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to unreasonable creatures.

The blossoms of lust be the young and mossy hairs, which then begin to sprout and shoot forth when lustful heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical παθος.

Orphan, a youngling or pupil, that needeth a tutor and governor.

That word, a pathetical parenthesis, to increase a careful hyperbaton.

The branch, of the father's body, is the child.

For even so, Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgil.

"Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat."

A thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.

Liggen, lie.

Maister of collusion, s., coloured guile, because the fox, of all beasts, is most wily and crafty.

Sperre the gate, shut the door.

For such, the goat's stumbling is here noted as an evil sign. The like to be marked in all histories; and that not the least of the Lord Hastings in King Richard III. his days. For, beside his dangerous dream (which was a shrewd prophecy of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning, riding toward the Tower of London, there to sit upon matters of council, his horse stumbled twice or thrice by the way: which of some, that riding with him in his company were privy to his near destiny, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memory of his great mishap that ensued. For being then as merry as man might be, and least doubting any mortal danger, he was within two hours after of the tyrant put to a shameful death.

As bells, by such trifles are noted, the relics and rags of popish superstition, which put no small religion in bells and babies, s. idols, and glasses, s. paxes, and such like trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntary sufferance, as a work of merit and holy humbleness.

Sweet S. Charity, The Catholics' common oath, and only speech, to have charity always in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but never inwardly in faith and godly zeal.

Clincke, a keyhole. Whose diminutive is clicket, used of Chaucer for a key.

Stounds, fits: aforesaid.

His lere, his lesson.

Meddled, mingled.

Beastlihead, agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, of kin.

Newell, a new thing.

To forestall, to prevent.

Glee, cheer: aforesaid.

Dear a price, his life which he lost for those toys.

Such end is an epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warn the Protestant beware how he giveth credit to the unfaithful Catholic; whereof we have daily proofs sufficient, but one most famous of all practised of late years in France, by Charles IX.

Fain, glad or desirous.

Our Sir John, a Popish priest. A saying fit for the grossness of a shepherd, but spoken to taunt unlearned priests.

Dismount, descend or set.

Nigh, draweth near.

EMBLEM.

Both these Emblems make one whole Hexameter. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustful, is a piece of Theognis' verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no less guile to lurk in others than in himself. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another piece of the same verse, saying, as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the faithless? For if faith be the ground of religion, which faith they daily false, what hold then is there of their religion? And this is all that they say.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinol that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas, another shepherd, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL. COLIN CLOUT.

Hob. Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant site
From other shades hath weaned my wandering mind:
Tell me, what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as nowhere else I find:
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight;
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind
To the waters' fall their tunes attemper right.

Col. O happy Hobbinol! I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flock, early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast.
But I, unhappy man, whom cruel fate
And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
Can nowhere find to shroud my luckless pate.

Hob. Then, if by me thou list adviséd be,
Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch—
Leave me those hills where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding witch—
And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,
And fruitful flocks bene everywhere to see:
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee.

But friendly fairies, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot nymphs, can chase the lingering night
With heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on Parnasse height,
Do make them music for their more delight;
And Pan himself, to kiss their crystal faces,
Will pipe and dance when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such peerless pleasures have we in these places.

Col. And I, whilst youth and course of careless years
Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peers;
But riper age such pleasures did reprove:
My fancy eke from former follies move
To stayéd steps; for time in passing wears
(As garments doen, which wexen old above),
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:

Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe,
To give my Rosalind; and in summer shade
Dight gaudy garlands, was my common trade
To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
And loss of her, whose love as life I weighed,
Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

Hob. Colin, to hear thy rhymes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight than lark in summer days:
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower spring
Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,
Frame to thy song their cheerful chirruping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw Calliope with Muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,
Their ivory lutes and tambourines forgo,
And from the fountain, where they sat around,
Run after hastily thy silver sound;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst show,
They drew aback, as half with shame confound
Shepherd to see them in their art outgo.

Col. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I con no skill,
For they bene daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorn of homely shepherds' quill;

For since I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, piping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth praise or blame,
Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest:
With shepherds sits not follow flying fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rhymes bene rough, and rudely dressed;
The fitter they my careful case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he livéd, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that bene with love ytake.
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly slake
The flames which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely fed.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapped in lead,
(Oh, why should Death on him such outrage show?)
And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me some little drops would flow

Of that the spring was in his learned head,
I soon would learn these words to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my plaints, caused of discourtesy,
As messengers of this my painful plight,
Fly to my love, wherever that she be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,
As she deserves that wrought so deadly spite,
And thou, Menalcas, that by treachery
Didst underfong my lass to wexe to light,
Shouldst well be known for such thy villainy.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepherds, which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills or dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed;
And tell the lass, whose flower is woxe a weed,
And faultless faith is turned to faithless fere,
That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed
That lives on earth, and lovéd her most dear.

Hob. O careful Colin! I lament thy case;
Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow!
Ah, faithless Rosalind and void of grace,
That art the root of all this ruthful woe!
But now is time, I guess, homeward to go:
Then rise, ye blesséd flocks, and home apace,
Lest night with stealing steps do you forslow,
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSARY.

Site, situation and place.

Paradise. A Paradise in Greek signifieth a garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soil wherein Hobbinol made his abode, to that earthly paradise, in Scripture called Eden, wherein Adam in his first creation was placed: which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile, pleasant country in the world (as may appear by Diodorus Siculus' description of it, in the history of Alexander's conquest thereof), lying between the two famous rivers (which are said in Scripture to flow out of Paradise), Tigris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soil. This is no poetical fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the poet self, who for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himself informed), and for his more preferment, removing out of the north parts, came into the south, as Hobbinol indeed advised him privately.

Those hills, that is in the north country, where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The dales. The south parts, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hills and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody; and therefore so called, for *Kantsh* in the Saxon tongue signifieth woody), yet in respect of the north parts they be called dales. For indeed the north is counted the higher country.

Night ravens, &c. By such hateful birds he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying everywhere.

Frendly facries. The opinion of fairies and elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the minds of some. But to root that rank opinion of elves out of men's hearts, the truth is, that there be no such things, nor yet the shadows of the things, but only by a sort of bald friars and knavish shave-

lings so feigned; which as in all other things, so in that, sought to nousell the common people in ignorance, lest, being once acquainted with the truth of things, they would in time smell out the untruth of their packed pelf, and Mass-penny religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distracted into the factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefs and many outrages to be so odious, or rather dreadful, in the people's ears, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelph or the Ghibeline came. Which words now from them (as many things else), be come into our usage, and for Guelphs and Ghibelines we say elves and goblins. No otherwise than the Frenchmen used to say of that valiant captain, the very scourge of France, the Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, whose nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French that ofttimes even great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name. Insomuch that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or Charities (as afore is said), or at the utmost but four, yet, in respect of many gifts of bounty there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Hero's either eye there sat a hundred Graces. And, by that authority, this same poet, in his "Pageants," saith, "An hundred Graces on her eyelid sat," &c.

Heydeguies, a country dance or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphs do dance unto the Muses and Pan his music all night by moonlight. To signify the pleasantness of the soil.

Peeres. Equals, and fellow-shepherds.

Queen-apples unripe, imitating Virgil's verse :—

"Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala."

Neighbour groves, a strange phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, aforesaid. This staff is full of very poetical invention.

Tamburines, an old kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the clarion.

Pan with Phœbus, the tale is well known, how that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellency in music, chose Midas for their judge. Who being corrupted with partial affection, gave the victory to Pan undeserved: for which Phœbus set a pair of ass's ears upon his head, &c.

Tityrus, that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer hath been already sufficiently said; and by this more plain appeareth, that he saith he told merry tales. Such as be his Canterbury Tales, whom he calleth the god of poets for his excellency; so as Tully calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*, s. the god of his life.

To make, to versify.

O why, a pretty Epanorthosis, or correction.

Discourtesy: he meaneth the falseness of his lover Rosalind, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthy wight, the prick of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepherd in Virgil; but here is meant a person unknown and secret, against whom he often bitterly inveigheth.

Underfong, undermine, and deceive by false suggestion.

EMBLEM.

You remember that in the first Æglogue Colin's poesy was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in time. But now being clean forlorn and rejected of her, as whose hope that was is clean extinguished and turned into despair, he renounceth all comfort, and hope of goodness to come: which is all the meaning of this Emblem.

JULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious pastors: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Thom. Is not thilke same a goatherd proud,
That sits on yonder bank,
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank?
Mor. What, ho! thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.
Thom. Ah, God shield, man, tha I should climb,
And learn to look aloft;
This rede is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedless hast,
Yet is his miss not mickle.
And now the sun hath rearéd up
His fiery-footed team,

Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noisome breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in hast
Pine, plagues, and dreary death.
Against his cruel scorching heat
Where hast thou coverture?
The wasteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture.
But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherd's swain,
Come down and learn the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.
Mor. Sicker, thou's but a lazy loord
And recks much of thy swink,
That with fond terms and witless words
To blear mine eyes dost think.
In evil hour thou hentest in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stand,
And of them han their name.
St. Michael's Mount who doth not know,
That wards the western coast?
And of St. Bridget's bower, I trow,
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses' skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell

(As goatherds wont) upon a hill,
  Beside a learned well.
And wonnéd not the great god Pan
  Upon Mount Olivet,
Feeding the blesséd flock of Dan,
  Which did himself beget?
Thom. O blessed sheep! O shepherd great!
  That bought his flock so dear,
And them did save with bloody sweat
  From wolves that would them tear.
Mor. Beside, as holy fathers sayne,
  There is a hilly place,
Where Titan riseth from the main
  To run his daily race,
Upon whose top the stars bene stayed,
  And all the sky doth lean;
There is the cave where Phœbe laid
  The shepherd long to dream.
Whilome there uséd shepherds all
  To feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
  That all the rest did spill.
And, sithens shepherds bene forsaid
  From places of delight,
For-thy I ween thou be afraid
  To climb this hillés height.
Of Sinah can I tell thee more,
  And of Our Lady's Bower;

But little needs to strow my store:
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Fauns recourse,
And Sylvans haunten rathe;
Here has the salt Medway his source,
Wherein the nymphs do bathe;
The salt Medway, that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Themes
His brackish waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode everywhere,
And terebinth, good for goats:
The one my madding kids to smere,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heaven,
And thence the passage ethe;
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That seldom falls beneath.
Thom. Sicker, thou speaks like a lewd lorrell,
Of Heaven to demen so;
How be I am but rude and borrell,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the narre, from God more farre,
Has bene an old-said saw,
And he that strives to touch a star
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepherd climb to sky
That leads in lowly dales,

As goatherd proud, that, sitting high,
Upon the mountain sails.
My seely sheep like well below,
They need not melampode:
For they bene hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode;
But, if they with thy goats should yede,
They soon might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowie feed,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelléd holy saints
I reverence and adore:
Not for themself but for the saints
Which han bene dead of yore.
And now they bene to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them goe:
Their sample only to us lent,
That als we mought do so.
Shepherds they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas:
And, sith their souls bene now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shephérd,
And lived with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
Simple as simple sheep;

Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he uséd of his keep
A sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kid, now with a sheep,
The altars hallowing.
So louted he unto his lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That sithens never was abhorred
The simple shepherds' kind.
And such, I ween, the brethren were
That came from Canaan:
The brethren twelve that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilke shepherd was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a lass,
Whose love he bought too dear,
For he was proud that ill was paid
(No such mought shepherds be),
And with lewd lust was overlaid:
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepherd mought be meek and mild,
Well-eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies undefiled,
And stout as steed of brass.
Sike one (said Algrind) Moses was,
That saw his Maker's face,

His face, more clear than crystal glass,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (his name I knew)
The first of all his cote,
A shepherd true, yet not so true
As he that erst I hote.
Whilome all these were low and lief,
And loved their flocks to feed;
They never stroven to be chief,
And simple was their weed:
But now (thankéd be God therefore)
The world is well amend,
Their weeds bene not so nighly wore;
Such simplesse mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
So hath their god them blist;
They reign and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list:
Ygirt with belts of glitterand gold,
(Mought they good shepherds bene?)
Their Pan their sheep to them has sold,
I say as some have seen.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)
Yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome (if such be Rome), and then
He saw thilke misusage;
For shepherds (said he) there doen lead
As Lords done other where;

Their sheep han crusts, and they the bread;
The chips, and they the cheer:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
O, seely sheep, the while!)
The corn is theirs, let other thresh,
Their hands they may not file.
They han great stores and thrifty stocks,
Great friends and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to those.
These wizards welter in wealth's waves,
Pampered in pleasures deep:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flocks to keep.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
They heapen hills of wrath;
Like surly shepherds han we none,
They keepen all the path.
Mor. Here is a great deal of good matter
Lost for lack of telling:
Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
Harm may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more than shall have thank,
To wyten shepherds wealth:
When folk bene fat, and riches rank,
It is a sign of health.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?

Thom. He is a shepherd great in gree,
But hath been long ypent.
One day he sat upon a hill,
(As now thou wouldest me:
But I am taught, by Algrind's ill,
To love the low degree);
For sitting so with baréd scalp,
An eagle soaréd high,
That, weening his white head was chalk,
A shell-fish down let fly:
She weened the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruised his brain;
So now, astonied with the stroke,
He lies in lingering pain.
Mor. Ah, good Algrind, his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time.
Now farewell, shepherd, sith this hill
Thou hast such doubt to climb.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORRELL'S EMBLEM.

In summo fœlicitus.

GLOSSARY.

A Goatherd: by goats, in Scripture, be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastor also must needs be such.

Bank, is the seat of honour.

Straying herd, which wander out of the way of truth.

Als, for also.

Climb, spoken of Ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verse. "Decidunt celsa graviore lapsu." *Mickle*, much.

The sun, A reason why he refuseth to dwell on mountains, because there is no shelter against the scorching sun, according to the time of the year, which is the hottest month of all.

The Cup and Diadem be two signs in the Firmament, through which the sun maketh his course in the month of July.

Lion, This is poetically spoken, as if the sun did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in July the sun is in Leo. At which time the dog star, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, reigneth with immoderate heat, causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

Overture, an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, and used in good writers.

To holden chat, to talk and prate.

A loorde was wont among the old Britons to signify a lord; and therefore the Danes, that long time usurped their tyranny here in Britain, were called, for more dread than dignity, Lurdanes, s. *Lord Danes*. At which time it is said that the insolency and pride of that nation was so outrageous in this realm that if it fortuned a Briton to be going over a bridge, and saw the Dane set foot upon the same, he must return back till the Dane were clean over, or else abide the price of his displeasure, which was no less than present death. But being afterwards expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious unto the people whom they had long oppressed, that even at this day they use, for more reproach, to call the quartan ague the fever Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swink, counts much of thy pains.

Witless, not understood.

St. Michel's Mount is a promontory in the west part of England.

A hill, Parnassus aforesaid.

Pan, Christ.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the sun. Which story is to be read in Diodorus Siculus of the hill Ida; from whence, he saith, all night time is to be seen a mighty fire, as if the sky burned, which toward morning begins to gather into a round form, and thereof riseth the sun, whom the poets call Titan.

The Shepherd is Endymion, whom the poets feign to have been so beloved of Phœbe, s. the Moon, that he was by her kept asleep in a cave by the space of thirty years, for to enjoy his company.

There, that is, in Paradise, where, through error of the shepherd's understanding, he saith that all shepherds did use to feed their flocks, till one (that is Adam), by his folly and disobedience made all the rest of his offspring be debarred and shut out from thence.

Sinah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Lady's bower, a place of pleasure so called.

Fauns, or Sylvans, be of poets feigned to be gods of the wood.

Medway, the name of a river in Kent, which, running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

Meynt, mingled.

Melampode and Terebinth be herbs good to cure diseased goats; of the one speaketh Mantuan, and of the other Theocritus.

Τερμίνθου τράγων εἴκατον ἀκρέμονα.

Nigher heaven: Note the shepherd's simpleness, which supposeth that from the hills is nearer way to heaven.

Levin, lightning, which he taketh for an argument to prove the nighness to heaven, because the lightning doth commonly light on high mountains, according to the saying of the poet:

"Feriuntque summos fulmina montes."

Lorrell, a losell.

A borrell, a plain fellow.

Narre, nearer.

Hale, for hole.

Yede, go.

Frowye, musty or mossy

Of yore, long ago.

Forewent, gone afore.

The first shepherd was Abel the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Cain to tilling the ground.

His keep, his charge, s. his flock.

Louted, did honour and reverence.

The brethren, the twelve sons of Jacob, which were sheep-masters, and lived only thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which being the son of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecuba's dream, which, being with child of him, dreamed she brought forth a firebrand, that set all the tower of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fostered of shepherds, he eke in time became a shepherd, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A lass, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden apple to her given, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sort of lusty Troyans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten years' war in Troy, and the most famous city of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed cow, Io: so called, because that, in the print of a cow's foot there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron, whose name, for more decorum, the shepherd saith he hath forgot, least his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seem to exceed the meanness of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron, in the absence of Moses, started aside, and committed idolatry.

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous painting.

Belts, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering, a participle used sometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Gower.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count their God and greatest shepherd.

Palinode, a shepherd of whose report he seemeth to speak all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, wallow.

Kerne, a churl or farmer.

Sike mister men, such kind of men.

Surly, stately and proud.

Melling, meddling.

Bett, better.

Bynempt, named.

Gree, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a shepherd aforesaid, whose mishap he alludeth to the chance that happened to the poet Æschylus, that was brained with a shell fish.

EMBLEM.

By this poesy Thomalin confirmeth that which in his former speech by sundry reasons he had proved; for being both himself sequestered from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occasion to praise the mean and lowly state, as that wherein is safety without fear, and quiet without danger; according to the saying of old philosophers, that virtue dwelleth in the midst, being environed with two contrary vices; whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same philosopher's opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocrity, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacy: for they say, and most true it is, that happiness is placed in the highest degree, so as if anything be higher or better, then that straightway ceaseth to be perfect happiness. Much like to that which once I heard alleged in defence of humility, out of a great doctor—"Suorum Christus humillimus:" which saying a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat back again with a like saying of another doctor, as he said, "Suorum Deus altissimus."

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They choose for umpire of their strife Cuddie, a neatherd's boy; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himself a proper song, where of Colin, he saith, was author.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

Wil. TELL me, Perigot, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music match?
Or bene thy bagpipes run far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumbed with ache?
Per. Ah! Willie, when the heart is ill assayed,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apayed?
Wil. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whilome thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepherds glad,
With piping and dancing did pass the rest.
Per. Ah! Willie, now I have learned a new dance;
My old music marred by a new mischance.
Wil. Mischief mought to that mischance befall,
That so hath raft us of our merriment.
But rede me what pain doth thee so appall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?
Per. Love hath misled both my younglings and me:

I pine for pain, and they my pain to see.
Wil. Perdie and wellaway, ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers' sheep in good plight:
But, and if in rhymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fancies shall soon be put to flight.
Per. That shall I do, though mochell worse I fared
Never shall be said that Perigot was dared.
Wil. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,
Wherein is enchaséd many a fair sight
Of bears and tigers that make fierce war;
And o'er them spread a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby 's a lamb in the wolvés jaws:
But see, how fast runneth the shepherd swain
To save the innocent from the beast's paws,
And here with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it beseem any harvest queen.

Per. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there's nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the dam:
But Colin Clout reft me of his brother,
That he purchased of me in the plain field:
Sore against my will was I forced to yield.
Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother.
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

Per. That shall yonder herdgroom, and none other,
Which over the pousse hitherward doth post.
Wil. But, for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat,
Were not better to shun the scorching heat?
Per. Well agreed, Willie; then sit thee down, swain:
Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.
Cud. Ginne when ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain:
Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.
Per. "It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!
Per. When holy fathers went to shrieve:
Wil. Now ginneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so high,
Wil. Hey, ho, the high hill!
Per. The while my flock did feed thereby:
Wil. The while the shepherd self did spill.
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey, ho, Bonnibell!
Per. Tripping o'er the dale alone,
Wil. She can trip it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frock of grey,
Wil. Hey, ho, grey is greet!
Per. And in a kirtle of green saye,
Wil. The green is for maidens meet.
Per. A chaplet on her head she wore,
Wil. Hey, ho, chapélet!
Per. Of sweet violets therein was store,
Wil. She sweeter than the violet.

Per. My sheep did leave their wonted food,
Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheep!
Per. And gazed on her as they were wood,
Wil. Wood as he that did them keep.
Per. As the bonny lass passed by,
Wil. Hey, ho, bonny lass!
Per. She roved at me with glancing eye,
Wil. As clear as the crystal glass;
Per. All as the sunny beam so bright,
Wil. Hey, ho, the sunnebeam!
Per. Glanceth from Phœbus face forthright,
Wil. So love into thy heart did stream;
Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
Wil. Hey, ho, the thunder!
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,
Wil. So cleaves thy soul asunder;
Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
Wil. Hey, ho, the moonlight!
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
Wil. Such play is a piteous plight.
Per. The glance into my heart did glide,
Wil. Hey, ho, the glider!
Per. Therewith my soul was sharply gride,
Wil. Such wounds soon wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!
Per. I left the head in my hart-root,
Wil. It was a desperate shot.

Per. There it rankleth, aye more and more,
Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow!
Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore:
Wil. Love is a cureless sorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. Hey, ho, heavy cheer!
Per. Yet should thilke lass not from my thought,
Wil. So you may buy gold too dear.
Per. But whether in painful love I pine,
Wil. Hey, ho, pinching pain!
Per. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,
Wil. But if thou can her obtain.
Per. And if for graceless grief I die,
Wil. Hey, ho, graceless grief!
Per. Witness, she slew me with her eye,
Wil. Let thy folly be the prief.
Per. And you, that saw it, simple sheep,
Wil. Hey, ho, the fair flock!
Per. For prief thereof, my death shall weep,
Wil. And moan with many a mock.
Per. So learned I love on a holy eve,
Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!
Per. That ever since my heart did grieve,
Wil. Now endeth our roundelay."
Cud. Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I none:
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
And Willie is not greatly overgone,
So weren his under-songs well addressed.

Wil. Herdgroom, I fear me, thou have a squint eye:
Areed uprightly who has the victorye.
Cud. Faith of my soul, I deem each have gained:
For-thy let the lamb be Willie his own:
And for Perigot, so well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleased with the doom,
Ne can Willie wite the witeless herdgroom.
Wil. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,
The shepherd of Ida that judged beauty's queen.
Cud. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh to hear a doleful verse
Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a lad:
With merry thing it's good to medle sad.
Wil. Faith of my soul, thou shalt ycrounéd be
In Colin's stead, if thou this song areede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
Cud. Then listeneth each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthful as ye may.

"Ye wasteful woods! bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless birds are privy to my cries,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou, pleasant spring, hast lulled me oft asleep,
Whose streams my trickling tears did oft augment,

"Resort of people doth my griefs augment,
The walléd towns do work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow echo of my careful cries:
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose wailful want debars mine eyes from sleep.

"Let streams of tears supply the place of sleep;
Let all, that sweet is, void: and all that may augment
My dole draw near! more meet to wail my woe
Bene the wild woods, my sorrows to resound,
Then bed, or bower, both which I fill with cries,
When I them see so waste, and find no part

"Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastful grove, therefore, till my last sleep
Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a change my restless woe.
Help me, ye baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
Is sign of dreary death, my deadly cries

"Most ruthfully to tune: And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You hear all night, when nature craveth sleep,
Increase, so let your irksome yells augment.
Thus, all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowéd have to waste, till safe and sound

"She home return, whose voice's silver sound
To cheerful songs can change my cheerless cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.

"And you that feel no woe,
Whenas the sound
Of these my nightly cries
Ye hear apart,
Let break your sounder sleep,
And pity augment."

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepherds' joy,
How I admire each turning of thy verse!
And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didst rehearse!
Cud. Then blow your pipes, shepherds, till you be at home;
The night nigheth fast, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLIE'S EMBLEM.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIE'S EMBLEM.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSARY.

Bestad, disposed, ordered.
Peregall, equal.
Whilome, once.
Reft, bereft, deprived.
Miswent, gone astray.
Ill may, according to Virgil.

"Infelix o semper ovis pecus."

A mazer: So also do Theocritus and Virgil feign pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraved. Such pretty descriptions everywhere useth Theocritus to bring in his Idyllia. For which special cause, indeed, he by that name termeth his Æglogues; for Idyllion in Greek signifieth the shape or picture of anything, whereof his book is full. And not, as I have heard some fondly guess, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the goat-herds in them.

Entrailed, wrought between.
Harvest Queen, the manner of country folk in harvest-time.
Pousse, Pease.

It fell upon: Perigot maketh all his song in praise of his love, to whom Willie answereth every underverse. By Perigot who is meant, I cannot uprightly say; but if it be who is supposed, his love, she deserveth no less praise than he giveth her.

Greete, weeping and complaint.
Chaplet, a kind of garland like a crown.
Leven, lightning.
Cynthia, was said to be the moon.
Gride, pierced.
But if, not unless.
Squint eye, partial judgment.
Each have, so saith Virgil,

"Et vitula tu dignus, et hic," &c.

So by interchange of gifts Cuddie pleaseth both parties.

Doom, judgment.
Dempt, for deemed, judged.
Wite the witeless, blame the blameless.
The shepherd of Ida, was said to be Paris.
Beauty's Queen, Venus, to whom Paris adjudged the golden apple as the price of her beauty.

EMBLEM.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesy claiming the conquest, and Willie not yielding, Cuddie the arbiter of their cause, and patron of his own, seemeth to challenge it as his due, saying, that he is happy which can, so abruptly ending: but he meaneth either him that can win the best, or moderate himself being best, and leave off with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepherd that, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinol's demand, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

Hob. DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her good day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
Dig. Her was her, while it was daylight,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at erst, the dark night doth hast.
Hob. Diggon, areed who has thee so dight?
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou was wont to lead?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischief dead?
Dig. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old grief:
Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
For one, opened, mote unfold many moe.
Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in heart,
I know, to keep is a burdenous smart:
Each thing imparted is more eath to bear:
When the rain's fallen, the clouds wexen clear.

And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
Thrice three moons bene fully spent and past;
Since when thou hast measured much ground,
And wandered, I ween, about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate;
But tell me first of thy flock's estate.

Dig. My sheep bene wasted (wae is me therefore!);
The jolly shepherd that was of yore
Is now nor jolly nor shepherd more.
In foreign coasts men said was plenty;
And so there is, but all of misery:
I dempt there much to have eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
In tho countries, whereas I have been,
No being for those that truly mean;
But for such, as of guile maken gain,
No such country as there to remain;
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a mart of their good name:
The shepherds there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her brother;
Or they will buy his sheep out of the cote,
Or they will carven the shepherd's throat.
The shepherd's swain you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:
They looken big as bulls that bene bate,
And bearen the crag so stiff and so state,

As cock on his dunghill crowing cranck.
Hob. Diggon, I am so stiff and so stanck,
That uneth may I stand any more:
And now the western wind bloweth sore,
That now is in his chief sovereignty,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree,
Sit we down here under the hill;
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the blustering blast.
Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.
Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin, I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorne this ground:
Wellaway the while I was so fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth!
So lost the dog the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheep (ah, seely sheep!)
That here by there I whilome used to keep
All weré they lusty as thou didst see,
Bene all starvéd with pine and penury:
Hardly myself escaped thilke pain,
Driven for need to come home again.
Hob. Ah fon! now by thy loss art taught,
That seldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with triéd state
Need fear no change of frowning fate;
But who will seek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loss, and leaves with pain.

Dig. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewitched
With vain desire and hope to be enriched;
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright star
Seemeth ay greater when it is far,
I thought the soil would have made me rich,
But now I wot it is nothing sich;
For either the shepherds bene idle and still,
And led of their sheep what way they will,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wrong emprise:
But the more bene fraught with fraud and spite,
Ne in good nor goodness taken delight,
But kindle coals of conteck and ire,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They say they con to heaven the highwáy,
But, by my soul, I dare undersay
They never set foot in that same trode,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devil at commaund,
But ask hem therefore what they han paund:
Marry! that great Pan bought with dear borrow,
To quite it from the black bower of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long ago,
For-thy woulden draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gang alone a God's name;
As they han brewéd, so let hem bear blame.

Hob. Diggon, I pray thee, speak not so dirke;
Such mister saying me seemeth to mirke.
Dig. Then, plainly to speak of shepherds most what,
Bad is the best (this English is flat).
Their ill haviour gars men missay
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the world is much waur then it wont,
All for her shepherds bene beastly and blont:
Other sayne, but how truly I note,
All for thy holden shame of their cote:
Some stick not to say (hot coal on her tongue!)
That sike mischief graseth hem among,
All for they casten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame, and enrich her hair;
For such encheason, if you go nigh,
Few chimneys reeking you shall espie:
The fat ox, that wont ligge in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a monster of many heads;
But they that shooten nearest the prick
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick:
For big bulls of Basan brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more stout;
But the lean souls treaden under foot,
And to seeke redress mought little boot;
For liker bene they to pluck away more

Than ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they bene like foul quagmires overgrast,
That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swink,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
Yet better leave off with a little loss
Than by much wrestling to lose the gross.

Hob. Now, Diggon, I see thou speakest too plain;
Better it were a little to feign,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured:
Such ill as is forcéd mought needs be endured.
But of sike pastors how done the flocks creep?

Dig. Sike as the shepherds, sike bene her sheep,
For they nill listen to the shepherd's voice,
But-if he call hem at their good choice:
They wander at will and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yeed at their own leisure.
But they had be better come at their call;
For many han into mischief fall,
And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxom and bent.

Hob. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul leasing!
Well is known that sith the Saxon king
Never was wolf seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom;
But the fewer wolves (the sooth to sayne)

The more bene the foxes that here remain.
Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secret wise,
And with sheep's clothing doen hem disguise.
They walk not widely as they were wont,
For fear of rangers and the great hunt,
But privily prowling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.
Hob. Or privy or pert if any bene,
We have great bandogs will tear their skin.
Dig. Indeed, thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs hem needeth to chase,
But heedy shephérds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They bene so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what myself know
Chancéd to Roffinn not long ago?
Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable,
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy
(Ah, for Colin, he whilome my joy!);
Shepherds sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.
Dig. Thilke same shepherd mought I well mark,
He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,

That waketh and if but a leaf stir.
Whilome there wonnéd a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had glutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Yclad in clothing of seely sheep,
When the good old man used to sleep.
Tho at midnight he would bark and bawl
(For he had eft learnéd a currés call),
As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To range the fields with wide open throat.
Tho, whenas Lowder was far away,
This wolfish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell wast;
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thank.
At end the shepherd his practice spied
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed),
And when at even he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them lock;
And took out the wolf in his counterfeit coat,
And let out the sheep's blood at his throat.

Hob. Marry, Diggon, what should him affray
To take his own wherever it lay?

For had his wizen been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.

Dig. Mischief light on him, and God's great curse!
Too good for him had been a great deal worse;
For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he conned the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheepcote,
And calléd Lowder, with a hollow throat,
As if it the old man's self had been:
The dog his master's voice did it ween;
Yet half in doubt he opened the door,
And ran out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter than thought,
Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught;
And had not Roffy run to the steven,
Lowder had been slain thilke same even.

Hob. God shield, man, he should so ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoir belive!
If sike bene wolvés, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

Dig. How, but with heed and watchfulness,
Forstallen hem of their wiliness:
For-thy with shepherds sits not play,

Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From sudden force their flocks for to guard.

Hob. Ah, Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to watch and wait;
We bene of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
Whatever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay when it is at best.

Dig. Ah, but, Hobbinol, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhale:
What shall I do? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and loss to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.

Hob. Now by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;
Natheless thou seest my lowly sail,
That froward fortune doth ever avale:
But were Hobbinol as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease:
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer fortune show forth her head.

Dig. Ah, Hobbinol! God mought it thee requite;
Diggon on few such friends did ever light.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSARY.

The dialect and phrase of speech in this dialogue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be by occasion of the party herein meant, who being very friendly to the author hereof, had been long in foreign countries, and there seen many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinol.

Bid her, Bid good morrow. For to bid is to pray, whereof cometh beads for prayers, and so they say, To bid his beads, *s.* to say his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or suddenly.

Chaffred, sold.

Dead at mischief, an unusual speech, but much usurped of Lydgate, and sometimes of Chaucer.

Leef, dear.

Ethe, easy.

Thrice three moons, nine months.

Measured, for travelled.

Wae, woe, northernly.

Eeked, increased.

Carven, cut.

Ken, know.

Crag, neck.

State, stoutly.

Stanck, weary or faint.

And now: he applieth it to the time of the year, which is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the leaf; at which time the western wind beareth most sway.

A mock, imitating Horace, "*Debes ludibrium ventis.*"

Lorne, left.

Soote, sweet.

Uncouth, unknown.

Hereby there, here and there.

As the bright, translated out of Mantuan.

Emprise, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Conteck, strife.

Trode, path.

Marry that, that is, their souls, which by popish exorcisms and practices they damn to hell.

Black, hell.

Gang, go.

Mister, manner.

Mirke, obscure.

Waur, worse.

Crumenall, purse.

Brace, compass.

Encheason, occasion.

Overgrast, overgrown with grass.

Galage, shoe.

The gross, the whole.

Buxom and bent, meek and obedient.

Saxon King, King Edgar, that reigned here in Britain, in the year of our Lord 957—975, which king caused all the wolves, whereof then was store in this country, by a proper policy to be destroyed. So as never since that time there have been wolves here found, unless they were brought from other countries. And, therefore, Hobbinol rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be wolves in England.

Nor in Christendom: This saying seemeth to be strange and unreasonable; but, indeed, it was wont to be an old proverb and common phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reign of King Ethelbert was christened,

Kent only excepted, which remained long after in misbelief and unchristened; so that Kent was counted no part of Christendom.

Great hunt, executing of laws and justice.

Enaunter, least that.

Inly, inwardly; aforesaid.

Privily or pert, openly, saith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepherd in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the king, whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flock.

Colin Clout: Now I think no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the author self, whose especial good friend Hobbinol saith he is, or, more rightly, Master Gabriel Harvey, of whose special commendation, as well in poetry as rhetoric and other choice learning, we have lately had a sufficient trial in divers of his works, but specially in his "Musarum Lachrymæ," and his late "Gratulationum Valdinensium," which book, in the progress at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majesty, afterwards presenting the same in print to her Highness at the worshipful Master Capell's in Hertfordshire. Besides other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly under unknown titles, and partly under counterfeit names, as his "Tyrannomastix," his "Ode Natalitia," his "Rameidos," and especially that part of "Philomusus," his divine "Anticosmopolita," and divers other of like importance. As also, by the names of other shepherds, he covereth the persons of divers other his familiar friends and best acquaintances.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular action of his; but what I certainly know not.

Wonned, haunted.

Welkin, sky; aforesaid.

A weanell waste, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder, he and she, male and female.

Steven, noise.

Belive, quickly.

What ever, Ovid's verse translated,

"Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est."

Forehaile, draw or distress.

Vetchie, of peas straw.

EMBLEM.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid. For when the foolish boy, by beholding his face in the brook, fell in love with his own likeness, and was not able to content himself with much looking thereon, he cried out that plenty made him poor, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But our Diggon useth it to other purpose, as who that, by trial of many ways, had found the worst, and through great plenty was fallen into great penury. This poesy I know to have been much used of the author, and to such like effect as first Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfect pattern of a poet, which finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes thereof; specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being, indeed, so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a Divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both, and poured into the wit by a certain 'Ενθουσιασμὸς and celestial inspiration, as the author hereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his book called "The English Poet," which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also, by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS. CUDDIE.

Piers. CUDDIE, for shame! hold up thy heavy head,
And let us cast with what delight to chase
And weary this long lingering Phœbus' race.
Whilom thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
In rhymes, in riddles, and in bidding base;
Now they in thee, and thou in sleep art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have pipéd erst so long with pain,
That all mine oaten reeds bene rent and wore,
And my poor Muse hath spent her sparéd store,
Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.

Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor,
And ligge so laid, when winter doth her strain.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much; what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize;
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the praise is better than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
Oh, what an honour is it to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good device,
Or prick them forth with pleasance of thy vein,
Whereto thou list their trainéd wills entice!

Soon as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
Oh, how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou dost their soul of sense bereave;
All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave,
His music's might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train,
And wonder at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky;
Sike words bene wind, and wasten soon in vain.

Piers. Abandon, then, the base and viler clown;
Lift up thyself out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
Turn thee to those that wield the awful crown,
To doubted knights, whose woundless armour rusts,
And helms unbruiséd wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch herself at large from east to west;
Whither thou list in fair Elisa rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the white bear to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slacked the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carol loud, and lead the Millers' round,
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddie's name to heaven sound.

Cud. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eft did sing of wars and deadly drede,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ago is dead,

And all the worthies liggen wrapped in lead
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-do were dread,
The lofty verse of hem was lovéd aye.

But after virtue gan for age to stoop,
And mighty manhood brought a bed of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace among the learned troop:
Tho gan the streams of flowing wits to cease,
And sun-bright honour penned in shameful coop,

And if that any buds of poesy,
Yet of the old stock, gan to shoot again,
Or it men's follies mote be forced to feign,
And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry,
Or, as it sprang, it wither must again:
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

Piers. O peerless poesy! where is then thy place?
If not in prince's palace thou do sit
(And yet is prince's palace the most fit),
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all too weak and wan,
So high to soar and make so large a flight;
Her piecéd pinions bene not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;

He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as sweet as Swan.

Piers. Ah, fon! for love does teach him climb so high.
And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire:
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,
And cause a caitiff courage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of poet stands;
For lordly love is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expel;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbéd care the muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves that takes two webs in hands.

Whoever casts to compass weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threats
Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of meat,
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise;
And when with wine the brain begins to sweat
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percy, how the rhyme should rage,
Oh! if my temples were distained with wine,

And girt in garlands of wild ivy twine,
How I could rear the muse on stately stage;
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm:
For-thy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tides han us assayed;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.
Piers. And, when my goats shall han their bellies laid,
Cuddie shall have a kid to store his farm,

CUDDIE'S EMBLEM.

Agitante calescimus illo, etc.

GLOSSARY.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his Sixteenth Idilion, wherein he reproved the tyrant Hero of Syracuse for his niggardness towards poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shameful for their naughty life. And the like also is in Mantuan. The style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more lofty than the rest, and applied to the height of poetical wit.

Cuddie: I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the author self, or some other. For in the eighth Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a cantion of Colin's making, as he saith. So that some doubt that the persons be different.

Whilom, sometime.

Oaten reeds, Avena.

Ligge so laid, lie so faint and unlusty.

Dapper, pretty.

Fry is a bold metaphor, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the fry.

To restrain: This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first book de Legibus saith, that the first invention of poetry was of very virtuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to their great solemn feasts called Panegyrica, which they used every five years to hold, some learned man, being more able than the rest for special gifts of wit and music, would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of virtue, or of victory, or of immortality, or such like. At whose wonderful gift all men being astonished, and as it were ravished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him Vatem: which kind of men afterwards framing their verses to lighter music (as of music be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martial, some heroical, and so diversely eke affect the minds of men), found out lighter matter of poesy also, some playing with love, some scorning at men's fashions, some poured out in pleasures: and so were called Poets or Makers.

Sense bereave: What the secret working of music is in the minds of men, as well appeareth hereby, that some of the ancient philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion that the mind was made of a certain harmony and musical numbers, for the great compassion and likeness of affection in the one and in the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom whenas Timotheus the great musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he was distraught with such unwonted fury, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himself to be armed, as ready to go to war (for that music is very warlike). And immediately whenas the musician changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionic harmony, he was so far from warring that he sat as still as if he had been in matters of counsel. Such might is in music. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arcadian melody from children and youth. For that being

altogether on the fifth and seventh tone, it is of great force to mollify and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burn in young breasts. So that it is not incredible which the poet here saith, that music can bereave the soul of sense.

The shepherd that, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skill in music and poetry he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes: Of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed her husband Jupiter his Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes; but afterwards Mercury, with his music lulling Argus asleep, slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is said that Juno, for his eternal memory, placed in her bird the peacock's tail; for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Woundless armour, unwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

Display, a poetical metaphor, whereof the meaning is, that if the poet list show his skill in matter of more dignity than is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher vein and more heroical argument in the person of our most gracious sovereign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if matter of knighthood and chivalry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men that are both worthy of his pain in their deserved praises, and also favourers of his skill and faculty.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I guess) the most honourable and renowned the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other), rather than by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clown.

Slack, that is when thou changest thy verse from stately discourse to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers', a kind of dance.

Ring, company of dancers.

The Romish Tityrus, well known to be Virgil, who by Mecænas' means was brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kind than he erst had done.

Whereon, in these three verses are the three several works of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flocks to feed is meant his Æglogues. In labouring of lands is his Bucolics. In singing of wars and deadly drede is his divine Æneis figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chivalry.

For ever : He showeth the cause why poets were wont to be had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthiness and valour should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had never been so famous as he is but for Homer's immortal verses, which is the only advantage which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the Great, coming to his tomb in Sigeus, with natural tears blessed him, that ever was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a poet's work, as so renowned and ennobled only by his means. Which being declared in a most eloquent oration of Tully's, is of Petrarch no less worthily set forth in a sonnet.

> " Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba
> Del fero Achille, sospirando disse :
> O fortunato, che si chiara tromba. Trovasti," &c.

And that such account hath been always made of poets, as well showeth this, that the worthy Scipio, in all his wars against Carthage and Numantia, had evermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort, the good old poet Ennius ; as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was informed that the famous lyric poet Pindarus was born in that city, not only commanded straitly that no man should, upon pain of death, do any violence to that house, by fire or otherwise, but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kin. So favoured he the only name of a poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no less famous, that when he came to ransacking of King Darius' coffers, whom he lately had overthrown, he found in a little coffer of silver the two books of Homer's works, as laid up there for special jewels and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them daily in his bosom, and the other every night laid under his pillow. Such honour have poets always found in the sight of princes and

noble men, which this author here very well showeth, as elsewhere more notably.

But after, he showeth the cause of contempt of poetry to be idleness and baseness of mind.

Pent, shut up in sloth, as in a coop or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironical sarcasmus, spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a rhyming ribald than of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne breast, the meaner sort of men.

Her pieced pinions, unperfect skill: spoken with humble modesty.

As soote as Swan: The comparison seemeth to be strange, for the swan hath ever won small commendation for her sweet singing; but it is said of the learned that the swan a little before her death singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her near destiny. As well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his sonnets:

> "The silver swan doth sing before her dying day,
> As she that feels the deep delight that is in death," &c.

Immortal mirror, Beauty, which is an excellent object of poetical spirits, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

> "Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,
> A la sua ombra, e crescer ne gli affanni."

A caitiff courage, a base and abject mind.

For lofty love, I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault than a figure, as well in our English tongue as it hath been in the Latin called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuan's saying, "vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit."

Lavish cups, resembleth the common verse, "Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum."

O if my, he seemeth here to be ravished with a poetical fury. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so full, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forgot the meanness of shepherd's state and style.

Wild ivy, for it is dedicated to Bacchus, and therefore it is said that the Mænades (that is Bacchus' frantic priests) used in their sacrifice to carry thyrsos, which were pointed staves or javelins, wrapped about with ivy.

In buskin, it was the manner of poets and players in tragedies to wear buskins, as also in comedies to use stocks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgil, "Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno." And the like in Horace, "Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno."

Quaint, strange. Bellona, the goddess of battle, that is, Pallas, which may therefore well be called quaint, for that (as Lucian saith), when Jupiter her father was in travail of her, he caused his son Vulcan with his axe to hew his head, out of which leaped forth lustily a valiant damsel armed at all points, whom Vulcan seeing, so fair and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her some courtesy, which the lady disdaining, shook her spear at him, and threatened his sauciness. Therefore such strangeness is well applied to her.

Equipage, order.

Tides, seasons.

Charm, temper and order; for charms were wont to be made by verses, as Ovid saith, "Aut si carminibus.

EMBLEM.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage, passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos, as admitting the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this Eleventh Æglogue he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albe of himself I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loise the French Queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Æglogues of this book.

THENOT. COLIN.

The. COLIN, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were wont, songs of some jouisance?
Thy Muse too long slumb'reth in sorrowing,
Lulléd asleep through love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance
Among the shepherds' swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy lovéd lass advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.
Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cockéd hay.
But now sad winter welkéd hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Ystabled hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fish's hask.

Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth sike delights as thou dost praise:
The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
As she was wont in youth and summer days;
But if thou algate lust light virelays,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleepen long.
The. The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him sits the titmouse silent be;
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem that learnéd be,
And han be watered at the Muse's well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.

But if sad winter's wrath and season chill
Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and death's dreariment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the great shephérd his daughter sheen.
The fairest may she was that ever went,
Her like she has not left behind, I ween.

And, if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,
I shall thee give yond cosset for thy pain;
And, if thy rhymes as round and rueful bene

As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain
Than kid or cosset which I thee bynempt.
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
Let not my small demand be so contempt.
Col. Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt;
But ah, too well I wot my humble vein,
And how my rhymes bene rugged and unkempt;
Yet, as I con, my conning I will strain.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournfulst Muse of nine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up, grisly ghosts! and up my rueful rhyme!
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore.
Dido, my dear, alas, is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapped in lead.
O heavy hearse!
Let streaming tears be pouréd out in store;
O careful verse!

"Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downs abide,
Wail ye this woeful waste of Nature's wark;
Wail we the wight whose presence was our pride;
Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark;
The sun of all the world is dim and dark:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavy hearse!
  Break we our pipes that shrilled as loud as lark
O careful verse!

"Why do we longer live (ah, why live we so long?)
  Whose better days death had shut up in woe?
The fairest flower our garland all among
  Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
  Sing now, ye shepherds' daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy hearse!
  Now is time to die: nay, time was long ago:
O careful verse!

"Whence is it that the floweret of the field doth fade,
  And lieth buried long in Winter's bale;
Yet, soon as spring his mantle hath displayed,
  It flowereth fresh, as it should never fail?
  But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy hearse!
  The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail;
O careful verse!

"She, while she was (that was, a woeful word to sayne!)
  For beauty's praise and pleasance had no peer;
So well she could the shepherds entertain

With cakes and cracknels, and such country cheer:
Ne would she scorn the simple shepherd's swain;
For she would call him often heame,
And give him curds and clouted cream.
O heavy hearse!
Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain;
O careful verse!

"But now sike happy cheer is turned to heavy chance,
Such pleasance now displaced by dolours dint:
All music sleeps, where death doth lead the dance,
And shepherds' wonted solace is extinct.
The blue in black, the green in grey is tinct;
The gaudy garlands deck her grave,
The faded flowers her corpse embrave.
O heavy hearse!
Mourn now, my muse, now mourn with tears besprint;
O careful verse!

"O thou great shepherd, Lobbin, how great is thy grief!
Where bene the nosegays that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted rush rings, and gilt rosemaree?
For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.
Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heavy hearse!
Thereof nought remains but the memory;
O careful verse!

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"Ay me, that dreary Death should strike so mortal
stroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly course;
The faded locks fall from the lofty oak,
The floods do gasp, for driéd is their source,
And floods of tears flow in their stead perforce:
The mantled meadows mourn,
Their sundry colours tourne.
O heavy hearse!
The heavens do melt in tears without remorse;
O careful verse!

"The feeble flocks in field refuse their former food,
And hang their heads as they would learn to weep;
The beasts in forest wail as they were wood,
Except the wolves, that 'chase the wandering sheep
Now she is gone that safely did hem keep:
The turtle on the bared branch
Laments the wound that Death did launch.
O heavy hearse!
And Philomel her song with tears doth steep;
O careful verse!

"The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
dance,
And for her garland olive branches bear,
Now baleful boughs of cypress do advance;
The Muses that were wont green bays to wear,
Now bringen bitter elder branches sere;

The fatal sisters eke repent
Her vital thread so soon was spent.
O heavy hearse!
  Mourn now, my muse, now mourn with heavy cheer,
O careful verse!

"Oh, trustless state of earthly things, and slipper hope
  Of mortal men, that swink and sweat for nought,
And shooting wide do miss the markéd scope;
  Now have I learned (a lesson dearly bought)
  That nis on earth assurance to be sought;
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hold.
O heavy hearse!
  Yet saw I on the bier when it was brought;
O careful verse!

"But maugre death, and dreaded sisters' deadly spite,
  And gates of hell, and fiery furies' force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
  Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
  Why then weeps Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb! thy loss no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happy hearse!
  Cease now, my muse, now cease thy sorrow's source;
O joyful verse!

"Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with
plaints,
As if some evil were to her betight?
She reigns a goddess now among the saints,
That whilome was the saint of shepherds' light,
And is installéd now in heaven's height.
I see thee, blesséd soul, I see
Walk in Elysian fields so free.
O happy hearse!
Might I once come to thee (O, that I might!)
O joyful verse!

"Unwise and wretched men to weet what's good or
ill,
We deem of death as doom of ill desert;
But knew we, fools, what it us brings until,
Die would we daily, once it to expert!
No danger there the shepherd can astert;
Fair fields and pleasant leas there bene;
The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.
O happy hearse!
Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert:
O joyful verse!

"Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the next?);
There lives she with the blessed gods in bliss,
There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixed,
And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.
The honour now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poor shepherd's pride,
While here on earth she did abide.
O happy hearse!
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O joyful verse!"

The. Ay, frank shephérd, how bene thy verses meint
With doleful pleasance, so as I ne wot
Whether rejoice or weep for great constraint.
Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
Up, Colin up! enough thou mourned hast;
Now gins to mizzle; hie we homeward fast.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSARY.

Jouisance, mirth.

Sovenance, remembrance.

Herie, honour.

Welked, shortened or impaired. As the moon being in the wane is said of Lydgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the month November, when the sun draweth low in the south toward his tropic or return.

In Fish's hask, the sun reigneth, that is, in the sign Pisces all November: a hask is a wicker pad, wherein they use to carry fish.

Virelays, a light kind of song.

Be watered, for it is a saying of poets, that they have drunk

of the Muses' well Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently said.

Dreariment, dreary and heavy cheer.

The great shepherd is some man of high degree, and not, as some vainly suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepherd and of Dido is unknown, and closely buried in the author's conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagine: for he speaketh soon after of her also.

Sheen, fair and shining.

May, for maid.

Teen, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Cosset, a lamb brought up without the dam.

Unkempt, incompti. Not combed, that is rude and unhandsome.

Melpomene, the sad and wailful Muse, used of poets in honour of tragedies: as saith Virgil, "Melpomene tragico proclamat mœsta boatu."

Up grisly ghosts, the manner of tragical poets, to call for help of furies, and damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Hearse is the solemn obsequy in funerals.

Waste of, decay of so beautiful a piece.

Cark, care.

Ah, why, an elegant epanorthosis, as also soon after: nay, time was long ago.

Floweret, a diminutive for a little flower. This is a notable and sententious comparison, "*A minore ad majus.*"

Reliven not, live not again, s. not in their earthly bodies: for in heaven they enjoy their due reward.

The branch, he meaneth Dido, who being as it were the main branch now withered, the buds, that is, beauty (as he said before) can no more flourish.

With cakes, fit for shepherds' banquets.

Heame, for home, after the northern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or stained.

The gaudy: The meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her life are made the honour of her funeral, as is used in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have been the lover and dear friend of Dido.

Rush rings, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaves. As if Nature herself bewailed the death of the maid.

Source, spring.

Mantled meadows, for the sundry flowers are like a mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomel, the nightingale: whom the poets feign once to have been a lady of great beauty, till, being ravished by her sister's husband, she desired to be turned into a bird of her name, whose complaints be very well set forth of Mr. George Gascoigne, a witty gentleman, and the very chief of our late rhymers, who, and if some parts of learning wanted not (albeit is well known, he altogether wanted not learning), no doubt would have attained to the excellency of those famous poets. For gifts of wit and natural promptness appear in him abundantly.

Cypress, used of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funeral pomp, and properly the sign of all sorrow and heaviness.

The fatal sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Erebus and the Night, whom the poets feign to spin the life of man, as it were a long thread, which they draw out in length, till his fatal hour and timely death be come; but if by other casualty his days be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is said to have cut the thread in twain. Hereof cometh a common verse—

"Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat."

O trustless, a gallant exclamation, moralised with great wisdom, and passionate with great affection.

Bier, a frame, whereon they use to lay the dead corpse.

Furies, of poets, are feigned to be three, Persephone, Alecto,

and Megera, which are said to be the authors of all evil and mischief.

Eternal night, is death or darkness of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see, a lovely Icon or representation, as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fields, be devised of poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happy souls do rest in peace and eternal happiness.

Die would, the very express saying of Plato in "Phædo."

Astert, befall unawares.

Nectar and ambrosia, be feigned to be the drink and food of the gods: ambrosia they liken to manna in Scripture, and nectar to be white like cream, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentary upon the dreams of the same author.

Meint, mingled.

EMBLEM.

Which is as much to say, *as death biteth not.* For although by course of nature we be born to die, and being ripened with age, as with a timely harvest, we must be gathered in time, or else of ourselves we fall like rotted ripe fruit from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for evil, nor (as the poet said a little before) as doom of ill desert. For though the trespass of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sin, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as Chaucer saith) the green pathway to life. So that it agreeth well with that was said, that death biteth not, that is, hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue, even as the first began, is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the year, comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly: his manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drought, caused through a comet or blazing star, by which he meaneth love, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat: his riper years he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe: his latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end.

The gentle shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:
There, as he sat in secret shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous moan.

"O sovereign Pan! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And, when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their masters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks which thou dost watch and ward;

"I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tuned to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet song so clear,
As it with pleasure might thy fancy feed,
Hearken awhile, from thy green cabinet,
The rural song of careful Colinet.

"Whilom in youth, when flowered my joyful Spring,
Like swallow swift I wandered here and there;
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted danger had no fear:
I went the wasteful woods and forest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espied.

"I went to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Christmas game,
And joyéd oft to chase the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the artless hare till she were tame.
What reckéd I of wintry age's waste?—
Tho deeméd I my spring would ever last.

"How often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I weariéd with many a stroke
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was liberty and life.

"And for I was in thilke same looser years,
(Whether the muse so wrought me from my birth,

Or I too much believed my shepherd peers),
Somedeal ybent to song and music's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

"Fro thence I durst in derring-do compare
With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgment bare,
To Pan his own self pipe I need not yield:
For, if the flocking nymphs did follow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

"But, ah! such pride at length was ill repaid:
The shepherd's god (perdie god was he none)
My hurtless pleasance did me ill upbraid;
My freedom lorn, my life he left to moan.
Love they him calléd that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

"Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,
And Summer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lion's house did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stirred up that unkindly heat
That reignéd (as men said) in Venus' seat.

"Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to choose my wandering way,
But whither luck and love's unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on fancy's bit to play:

The bush my bed, the bramble was my bower,
The woods can witness many a woeful stour.

"Where I was wont to seek the honey bee,
Working her formal rooms in waxen frame,
The grisly toad-stool grown there mought I see,
And loathéd paddocks lording on the same:
And where the chanting birds lulled me asleep,
The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

"Then, as the Spring gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of Summer's pride;
Also my age, now passéd youthly prime,
To things of riper reason self applied,
And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheep and me fro shame.

"To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
How Phœbe fails, where Venus sits, and when.

"And triéd time yet taught me greater things;
The sudden rising of the raging seas,
The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restless sheep,
And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

"But, ah, unwise and witless Colin Clout,
That kidst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kidst not e'en to cure thy sore heart-root,
Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy death's wound?
Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

"Thus is my Summer worn away and wasted,
Thus is my Harvest hastened all too rathe;
The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,
And all my hopéd gain is turned to scathe:
Of all the seed that in my youth was sown
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mown.

"My boughs with blossoms that crowned were at first,
And promiséd of timely fruit such store,
Are left both bare and barren now at erst;
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before.
And rotted ere they were half mellow ripe;
My harvest waste, my hope away did wipe.

"The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grew,
Bene withered, as they had been gathered long;
Their roots bene driéd up for lack of dew,
Yet dewed with tears they han be ever among.
Ah, who has wrought my Rosalind this spite,
To spill the flowers that should her garland dight?

"And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe
Unto the shifting of the shepherd's foot,
Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out as rotten and unsoot.
The loser lass I cast to please no more;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

"And thus of all my Harvest-hope I have
Nought reapéd but a weedy crop of care;
Which, when I thought have threshed in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fined,
All was blown away of the wavering wind.

"So now my year draws to his latter term.
My Spring is spent, my Summer burnt up quite;
My Harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
So now he storms with many a sturdy stour;
So now his blustering blast each coast doth scour.

"The careful cold hath nipped my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed; and pleasure past;
No sun now shines; clouds han all overcast.

"Now leave, ye shepherds' boys, your merry glee;
My muse is hoarse and weary of this stound:
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree:
Was never pipe of reed did better sound.
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after Winter dreary death does hast.

"Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me so liefe;
Let me, ah, let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breed you greater grief.
Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

"Adieu, delights, that lulléd me asleep;
Adieu, my dear, whose love I bought so dear;
Adieu, my little lambs and lovéd sheep;
Adieu, ye woods, that oft my witness were:
Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio: cætera mortis erunt.

GLOSSARY.

Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.
Lambkins, young lambs.
Als of their, seemeth to express Virgil's verse.

"Pan curat oves oviumque magistros."

Deign, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, Colinet, diminutives.

Mazy, for they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out again.

Peers, fellows and companions.

Music, That is poetry, as Terence saith, "Qui artem tractant musicam," speaking of poets.

Derring doe, aforesaid.

Lion's house: he imagineth simply that Cupid, which is love, had his abode in the hot sign Leo, which is in the midst of summer; a pretty allegory; whereof the meaning is, that love in him wrought an extraordinary heat of lust.

His ray, which is Cupid's beam or flames of Love.

A comet, a blazing star, meant of beauty, which was the cause of his hot love.

Venus, the goddess of beauty or pleasure. Also a sign in heaven, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beauty, which hath always aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquietness in love.

Where I was: a fine description of the change of his life and liking, for all things now seemed to him to have altered their kindly course.

Lording: spoken after the manner of paddocks and frogs sitting, which is indeed lordly, not removing nor looking once aside, unless they be stirred.

Then as: the second part, that is, his manhood.

Cotes, sheepcotes, for such be the exercises of shepherds.

Sale, or sallow, a kind of wood like willow, fit to wreath and bind in leaps to catch fish withal.

Phœbe fails, the eclipse of the moon, which is always in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signs in heaven.

Venus, s. Venus star, otherwise called Hesperus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest stars, and also first riseth, and setteth last. All which skill in stars being convenient for shepherds to know, Theocritus and the rest use.

Raging seas: the cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea

cometh of the course of the moon, sometimes increasing, sometimes waning and decreasing.

Sooth of birds, a kind of soothsaying used in elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birds: first (as is said) invented by the Tuscans, and from them derived to the Romans who, as it is said in Livy, were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that every nobleman should put his son to the Tuscans, by them to be brought up in that knowledge.

Of herbs: That wondrous things be wrought by herbs, as well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchantments and sorceries that have been wrought by them, insomuch that it is said that Circe, a famous sorceress, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, and only by herbs; as the poet saith,

"Dea sæva potentibus herbis," &c.

Kydst, knewest.

Ear, of corn.

Scathe, loss, hindrance.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, wherein our poet is seen, be they witness which are privy to this study.

Ever among, ever and anon.

Thus is my. The third part wherein is set forth his ripe years as an untimely harvest that bringeth little fruit.

So now my year: The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintry storms.

Careful cold, for care is said to cool the blood.

Glee, mirth,

Hoary frost, a metaphor of hoary hairs scattered like to a grey frost.

Breme, sharp and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all, where in six verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched in this book. In the first verse his delights of youth generally; in the second, the love of Rosalind; in the third, the keeping of sheep, which is the argument of all the Æglogues; in the fourth, his

complaints; and in the last two, his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinol.

EMBLEM.

The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but works of learned wit and monuments of poetry abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his Odes, a work, though full indeed of great wit and learning, yet of not so great weight and importance, boldly saith,

"Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo vorax," &c.

Therefore let not be envied, that this poet in his epilogue saith, he hath made a Calendar that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the ensample of Horace and Ovid in the like.

"Grande opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas," &c.

Lo! I have made a calendar for every year,
That steel in strength, and time in durance, shall outwear;
And, if I marked well the stars' revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed his sheep,
And from the falser's fraud his folded flock to keep.
Go, little Calendar, thou hast a free passport;
Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sort:
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman played awhile;
But follow them far off, and their high steps adore:
The better please, the worse despise; I ask no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

CLEMENT MAROT'S LAMENT FOR LOUISE OF SAVOY.

LOUISE OF SAVOY died on the 29th, and Marot was commissioned by her son, Francis I., to write a lament for her. The result was the first of his pastorals, a work that obtained much admiration from the critics of the time.

Clement Marot had been himself near death, when, in his eclogue on Queen Louise, he sang of the glory of the world beyond the grave. He was then not recovered from an illness which had lasted for some months, and three doctors had been in attendance. A lively letter in verse to his friend, Lieutenant Gontier, written in half-burlesque admiration of some lines with which his friend had praised him, says that he should have answered him before if pale-faced sickness had not perturbed his mind; and in the course of the same letter he says, that if he writes little, it is because he is constrained to think of other things; his verses must lament the hard death of the mother of the king. In a letter to the king, which tells how the poet was robbed by a servant, Marot refers to the same illness as having lasted three months, and, while he speaks of advancing winter, says that the doctors give him no hope of complete recovery until the spring. He had

been ill, therefore, for some time, and although his light heart never left him, and his rhymed letters from the sick-room are full of the old kindly gaiety, there was still also the earnest soul within, and the close of the eclogue on the Shepherdess Loise comes with the more solemn earnestness from one who had just been by the brink of his own grave.

Thenot and Colin are the speakers of the dialogue. Thenot is the name given to one of the speakers in the fourth eclogue of Spenser's *Shepheard's Calender*, but Thenot and Colin are the speakers of Spenser's eleventh eclogue, which is throughout founded upon Clement Marot's eclogue on the death of the queen regent of France. Even *Colin's Emblem*, which Spenser appends, is, as we shall find, the motto chosen by Marot, according to a custom among authors of his time, and appended to all his printed works, "*La Mort ny Mord.*"

The lament for Louise of Savoy Spenser transforms into a lament for Dido; and Francis I. is, in Spenser's version, the "great Shepherd Lobbin." In the original edition of the *Shepheard's Calender*, E. K. says of this eclogue that Spenser "bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albe of himself I often required the same. This eclogue is made in imitation of Marot, his song which he made upon the death of Louise, the French queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the eclogues of this book."

Marot begins thus, in verse hardly less musical than Spenser's:—

"*Thenot.*—In this fair vale are excellent delights, a clear brook noisy by the shade, grass to one's wish, the winds not violent: then do you, Colin, not abate in homage to Pan, who gives zeal for song: when you go with him to the fields, you will have more profit than harm from it; he will teach you, and you will instruct him. As for songs, you would labour them with skill so great that, if there were contest, although you gained nothing over Pan, Pan could claim nothing over you. If he win for prize a fine soft cheese, you will win a jar of curded milk; or if he like better to take the milk, to you the cheese will be given.

"*Colin.*—Shepherd Thenot, I am amazed at your songs, and I steep myself in them more than when I hear the awakened linnet, or the din of water falling from a mountain; against them at evensong you would obtain the prize, or if it happened that such noble concert overcame you in the evening, it would be you who conquered in the morning. Now, I pray you, while my mastiff shall keep good watch, and I put our flocks to feed, sing somewhat of Katie, to describe her pretty rustic dress.

"*Thenot.*—The nightingale is the master of song, before him it is fit that the woodpeckers be silent: and you being what you know how to become, I will make my diverse reeds to be silent. But if you will sing ten times ten verses to deplore the Shepherdess Loise, you shall have quinces, six yellow and six green, the sweetest smelling that have been seen since Moses. And if your verses are as well put as the last you made of Isabeau, you shall not have what I have promised, but much more, and better and more fair. You shall

have from me a double pipe, made by the hand of Roffy of Lyons: which I hardly got for a goat from the good pastor Michau, whom you know. I have never yet played it but once, and keep it with as much care as my life: and, at any rate, you will be heartily disposed to do that to which I invite you."

Let us now read Spenser's eclogue up to the same point. Spenser, having placed the piece in his series as a November eclogue, omits suggestions of summer, and interpolates November in the two first speeches :—

Thenot.—Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some jouissance?
Thy muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
Lulléd to sleep through love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance
Among the shepherds swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy lovéd lass advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

Colin.—Thenot, now is the time of merrymake,
Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade under the cockéd hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Established hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fish's hask.
Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth sike delights as thou dost praise:
The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask
As she was wont in youth and summer days;
But if thou algate lust light virelays
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise?
Relieve thy oaten pipes that sleepen long.

Thenot.—The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him fits the titmouse silent be;
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery;
Nay, better learned of hem that learned be,
And han be watered at the Muses' well;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.

But if sad winter's wrath and season chill
Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,
To sadder times thou mayest attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and death's dreriment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido, the great shepherd his daughter sheen.
The fairest may she was that ever went,—
Her like she has not left behind, I ween:

And if thou wilt bewail my woful teen,
I shall thee give yond cosset for thy pain:
And if thy rhymes as round and rueful been
As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,
Than kid or cosset, which I thee bynempt.
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
Let not my small demand be so contempt.

Marot goes on:—

Colin.—You ask me that which I desire to do. Up, then, my verses, sing your songs of grief, since death has snatched away Loise who kept our courts so vigorous. We are unhappy now, more stricken by her mortal absence than lambs in the hour when they miss the watchful mother from about them. Let us weep, shepherds, Nature permits it! Let us weep for the mother of the Great Shepherd of this land! Let us weep for the mother of Margot the excellent! Let us

weep for the mother even also of us! O Great Shepherd, what care is yours! I know not whether it be for you or for your mother that I am blackened most with grief. Sing, O my verses, sing the bitter grief!

When Loise yet prospered in her home, she managed her fair household with good sense; every shepherd, rich father as he might be, chose place within it for his daughter. Once Loise bethought herself to make them sit under a great elm, and she, being in their midst, said to them: Daughters, there is one thing you should be told, that it is not enough to have a pleasant form, hounds, flocks, a father rich and strong: foresight is needful lest vice should deform by long repose your age of bloom. Be you no nourishers of idleness, for that is worse among young shepherdesses than among the sheep the great ravening wolf that comes always at evening among these brakes. Be therefore always light for labour: may God pardon the goodman Roger, who always said that idleness ought not to find lodgings with any housewife. So said the mother of the Great Shepherd, and according to her word the shepherd maidens laboured; one planted herbs in an orchard; another fed pigeons and turtle-doves: another worked at new things with the needle; another afterwards made chaplets of flowers; but now the fair ones, alas! make nothing more, nothing but rivulets of tears. Their dances they have changed to dolours, their blue to brown, bright green to tawny, and their bright tints to sad colours. Sing, O my verses, sing the ordained song of grief.

Since Death dealt this great blow, all pleasures of the fields grew dull; even the little breezes sighed of

it. Leaves and fruits were shaken from the trees; the clear sun gave its heat no more, the meadows stripped themselves of their green mantle; the clouded sky poured wide its tears. The Great Shepherd broke his pipes, for he would be familiar only with tears, whereat his flock that heard his lament quitted its pasture and began to bleat. And when Margot heard all the sorrow her gentle heart had no skill to keep the eye from dropping tears, but of her tears there were a thousand wept. The earth in that time became naked and feeble; many a brook stood all dry; the sea was troubled and restless, and therein wept the young dolphins. Does and stags stood stricken, beasts of prey and beasts of pasture, all creatures grieved for Loise, except the wolves of an ill nature. So sharp was the stroke and the event so full of misfortune, that the fair lily took a tint of black, and the flocks carried black wool. From a dry tree Philomel complained; the swallows' cries were piteous and piercing; the turtle mourned for it with equal grief. My song accords with theirs. O frank shepherds, who walk on the free grass, what do you say of it, what grief, what heaviness is this, to see wither the flower of all our fields. Sing, O my verses, sing farewell to joy.

Nymphs and gods came by night in great distress to see her, and they said to her, Alas! do you sleep here, mistress of shepherdesses? Or is it Death who has you in his toils? Alas, your colour, such as you have, proves to us surely that you rest in death. Ha, untoward Death! ever most busy to snatch from us excellent things. So much wise thought was bound up in her head! so well she knew love for the

bounds of France; so well she knew how to restore there the roses to the lily; so well she knew how to sow there good seed; so well she knew how to make safe and sure all cattle of all corners of the land; so well she knew to shut and lock the fold, that never wolf was seen to enter there. So many a day her prudence warned against the dark and rainy time, that France has not, for long has not, known such a shepherdess, from what the oldest tell. Adieu, Loise, adieu through all our tears; adieu the body that adorned the earth. Thus saying, nymphs and gods withdrew themselves. Sing, O my verses, sing of grief again.

[Cognac, Remorantin, Anjou, Angoulême, Amboise, the Maine and the Toure, mourn untranslatably by methods that admit of wordplay on their names. Then of the Toure, sings Colin:] On its water the white swans, with which it is all covered, sing day and night, prognosticating in the song to them ill boding, that death by death opens his door for them. What do you in this green forest, Fauns, Satyrs? I think you are sleeping there. Awake, awake, to mourn with us this loss, or if you sleep, dream of it in your sleeping: dream about death, dream of the wrong she does; do not sleep without dreaming of her spite. Then at your waking tell me all you've dreamed, that I may sing it. Why does the dry herb come back to life when summer comes again? And she who lies under the heavy tomb, however great she be, comes back no more. Sing, O my verses, a fresh strain of grief.

No, now be still; that is lament enough: she is received in the Elysian fields, freed from the labours of this weeping world. There, where she is, nothing

has lost its bloom; there never die the day and its delights; there never dies the freshness of the green, nor die they who are dwellers with her there. For all ambrosial odours flourish there, nor have they ever two seasons or three, but all one spring; and there they never weep the loss of friends, as we do. In those fair fields and homes of innocence Loise lives without fear, pain, or disease; and we down here, full of our human reasons, are troubled, it would seem, at her content. There she sees nothing that gives any pain; there she tastes fruit beyond all count of price; there she drinks water that allays all thirst; there she will know a thousand noble souls. All pleasant animals are gathered there; a thousand birds there make immortal joy, among whom there is flying through the space her popinjay that passed away before her. There she beholds such light that we should wish to die and look on it. Since, then, she has so great a fulness of eternal joy, cease, O my verses, cease your grief.

Cold to your mountains and your pines, seek France, nymphs of Savoy, to honour her whose praise gave worth to her country (here is introduced wordplay upon the name of Savoy); come, that before death your eyes may see where she was laid after her happy end. Bring each upon the arm a basket full of herbs and flowers from her native land, to scatter them over her marble; none that we have seen is fine or more fit. Bring branches of full growth, bring laurel, ivy, honoured white lilies and green rosemary, roses in plenty, yellow marigolds, the golden crowfoot, purple amaranth, fresh lavender and pinks of lively hue, white hawthorn and the hawthorn tinted blue, all

flowers that are sweet and beautiful. Let each take heed to bring, then heap them thick upon the tomb, and with them let there be many an olive branch, because she was the Shepherdess of Peace. She knew how to produce complete accord among the shepherds when throughout the world one sought to hurt another. Come, thou God Pan, swifter than swallow come; leave your close haunts and part from Arcady, cease singing of blonde Syrinx, come thou near and take my place to swell with better grace the praise of her I undertake to sing. Not, truly that I weary of her praise, but thou art wrong that dost not mourn for her. And you, Thenot, who have been shedding tears to hear me speak of her who is so good, deliver me the promised double pipe that I may make it sound to this last close; and through its sound may pay my thanks and give praise to the gods of the high hills and plains so loudly, that it echo through this vale. Cease, O my verses, here cease your lament.

Thenot.—O frank Shepherd, how full are your verses of great sweetness and of great bitterness. The song pleases me, and you constrain my heart to grief beyond its wont. When all is said, Melpomene kindles in your soft style the sad singing. Besides, there is no heart and never was an anvil of a heart in which this theme would not raise a lament. Wherefore, Colin, without flattering or vaunting, you not only deserve the good flute, but a garland of green laurel should be given you for things so well said. Up, mighty bulls, you also, little sheep, go to your shelter, you have browsed enough, for the sun sets over this narrow vale, and from the other side comes night.—

There Marot ends. Spenser, after paraphrasing Colin's speech, "You ask me that which I desire to do," in the four lines beginning "Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt," makes his own use as a poet of the plan of the lament. Following its poetical conception, he effaces all that particular reference to the subject of the eclogue which gave beauty of fitness to Marot's work, but could have no interest for an Englishman who wrote almost fifty years later. The uniform measure of the eclogue in Marot, Spenser breaks by giving a new chime and greater prominence to the contrasted burdens of Colin's song, and arranging it into most musical stanzas with the recurring words in the first burden, "O heavy herse! O careful verse!" and in the second, "O happy herse! O joyful verse!" The reference to King Francis remains in such lines as "O thou great Shepherd Lobbin, how great is thy grief!" and although Spenser's eclogue is not that of a dull translator, but of a poet rich in music of his own, who shows lively appreciation of the genius of a predecessor, some of the most musical passages in the lament of Colin are those which most nearly reproduce thoughts of Marot. This, for example:—

Whence is it that the floweret of the field doth fade?
  And lieth buried long in Winter's bale;
Yet soon as spring his mantle hath displayed
  It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail?
  But thing on earth that is of most avail,
    As virtue's branch and beauty's bed,
    Reliven not for any good.
    O heavy herse!
  The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail;
    O careful verse!

And when the pleasaunce is displaced by dolour's dint—

The blue in black, the green in grey is tinct.

Spenser proceeds with the lament, following closely that part of the poem which may have suggested it to him as fit model for a November eclogue :

Ay me ! that dreary death should strike so mortal stroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly course ;
The faded locks fall from the lofty oak,
The floods do gasp, for dried is their source,
And floods of tears flow in their stead perforce :
The mantled meadows mourn,
Their sundry colours turn,
O heavy herse !
The heavens do melt in tears without remorse ;
O careful verse !

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former food,
And hang their heads as they would learn to weep ;
The beasts in forest wail as they were wood,
Except the wolves that chase the wandering sheep,
Now she is gone that safely did them keep :
The turtle on the baréd branch
Laments the wound that death did launch.
O heavy herse !
And Philomel her song with tears doth steep,
O careful verse !

Let us now turn to the other side of the strain, the strain of religious hope which must have especially commended Marot's music to the religious mind of Spenser :

Why wail we then ? Why weary we the gods with plaints,
As if some evil were to her betight !
She reigns a goddess now among the saints,
That whilom was the saint of shepherd's light,

And is installéd now in heaven's height.
I see thee, blessed soul, I see
Walk in Elysian fields so free.
O happy herse !
Might I once come to thee (oh, that I might !)
O joyful verse !

Unwise and wretched men, to weet what's good or ill,
We deem of death as doom of ill desert :
But knew we fools what it us brings until,
Die would we daily, once it to expert.
No danger there the shepherd can astert ;
Fair fields and pleasant lays there bene,
The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.
O happy herse !
Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert:
O joyful verse !

Exactly following to the end the plan of his original, Spenser paraphrases also the parting words of Thenot. The change in the form of their last thought being intended to close the poem as it was opened with due regard to the month given to this eclogue in the poet's Calendar. Nor, I think, can it be doubtful that when Spenser makes Thenot praise Colin as "frank Shepherd," adopting Marot's epithet when he desires to point to the name of his country, the "frank Shepherd" in his mind was Clement Marot, whom he immediately afterwards identifies with Colin by appending Marot's motto as Colin's Emblem : La Mort ny Mord :—

Thenot.—Ay, frank shepherd, how bene thy verses meint
With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wot
Whether rejoice or weep for great constraint.
Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got,

Up, Colin, up ! enough thou mourned hast ;
Now gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

Marot's eclogue, the first piece of mark in that form of French literature, was written at the close of 1531 ; Spenser's in 1579.

That such music should float over the grave of Louise of Savoy ! Death was for her a king of Terrors ; she dreaded in life to hear death named. But the poet who took for his motto La Mort ny Mord, sang over her "O Death, where is thy sting." He grieves, only to pass from grief to a glad sense of life with God, the joy of immortality :

La elle veoit une lumière telle,
Que pour le veoir mourir devrions vouloir.

Die would we daily once it to expert.

Always she had been worldly and loved power ; to the last she governed, or desired to govern, through her son. This feature in her character Marot laid stress upon, and it was happy for his verse that her last act in politics had been in her own person to negotiate the *Paix des Dames*. Marot loved God and France too well to be blind to the wrongs and miseries of war. The terms of the peace made, if we scrutinise details, showed weakness and want of generosity ; but it was peace rich in genius and power for the future ; peace to France after long weary years of burden on the people from ignoble war, waged not for the well-being of the nation, but to satisfy the appetites of those who ruled. Peace was the last gift of the dead queen to France, and Clement Marot felt with his whole soul the worth of that.

The ladies of her court, daughters of richest shepherds who were glad to place them there, had certainly no idle mistress, and she doubtless taught them to be busy; but her court was not a school of all the virtues a young shepherdess can have. She must have had graces and good gifts, or she would not have retained to the last as firmly the love of the daughter whom she could not spoil as that of the son whom she did spoil. The weakness of Francis and the inherent good nature which had been corrupted by his mother's influence, may have led him to lean so much as he did on his mother and sister. Family ties would be cherished by the gentle heart of Marguerite. To Louise, intensely selfish, her children were precious, as being hers, and she could only indulge her love of rule through close alliance with them. But motives of men and women are not to be thus trimmed to pattern, labelled, pigeonholed. There is a breath from God in all our hearts, and some of it surely stirred through all the love there was between this mother and her children.

CLEMENT MAROT'S ECLOGUE OF PAN AND ROBIN.

MAROT at the time of his refuge among the neutral citizens of Venice, if not somewhat later, wrote that little pastoral upon the course of his own life which Spenser has paraphrased in the December eclogue of his "Shepherds' Calendar." Spenser has varied Marot's motto at the close by a Latin paraphrase of its meaning, *Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.*

"A shepherd boy named Robin lately went alone among the beeches, shady trees, and there with bold heart, being by himself, he made the woods and the calm air resound as thus he sang: 'O sovereign god Pan, who never yet hast been slow to protect our folds and flocks and those in charge of them, and liftest up all gentle shepherd boys who have not meadows, cottages, or herds, thee I beseech if ever in these low ways thou deignest to hear little rustic songs, hearken awhile from thy green cabinet the rural song of little Robinet.'"

So Marot began. Thus begins Spenser:

"The gentle shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:

There as he sat in secret shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous moan."

"O sovereign Pan! thou God of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their masters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks which thou dost watch and ward:

"I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties tuned to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sang so clear
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile, from thy green cabinet,
The rural song of careful Colinet."

Marot continues:

"In the Spring season of my idle youth I was like the swallow who flies, now here, now there; that age led me without fear or care whither the heart said I should go. In the woods, without fear of the wolves, I often went to gather the holly, to make birdlime, to take singing birds, all differing in song and plumage; or I used to make traps to take them, and cages to put them in; or swam across the deep rivers, or patched the rags at my knee. Then I learned to shoot straight and far, for chase of wolves, and to knock nuts down. Oh, how many a time have I climbed the trees to take from her nest the pie or the jay, or to throw down to my companions, who spread their hats, the fruits already ripe and fair to see."

Spenser continues:

"Whilom in youth, when flowered my joyful spring,
Like swallow swift I wandered here and there;
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting
That I of doubled danger had no fear:
I went the wasteful woods and forests wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to bene espied.

"I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Christmas game,
And joyéd oft to chase the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What reckéd I of wintry ages waste?
Tho deeméd I my spring would ever last.

"How often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I weariéd with many a stroke
The stately walnut tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me was liberty and life."

In this paraphrase, as in that of the eclogue on Louise of Savoy, it will be observed that there is something lost by erasure of the local colouring, which by its truth gives so great a charm to Marot's verse. In Marot's lament for Louise, stern realities in the condition of France, longing for peace in an afflicted nation, genuine sympathy with mourners, blend with the fresh strain of religion. These disappear, or become simply poetical ornament, in Spenser's lament for Dido. So in this eclogue one feels that Marot is painting with a vigorous simplicity — and in verse hardly less musical than Spenser's—from true recol-

lections and a lively present sense of his own life in the France of the sixteenth century, and that the homely incidents which Spenser passes over, as well as the wilder features that he tames, as when Marot's wolf became Spenser's hare, show in Marot the strength as well as grace of a true artist.

Marot goes on: "Sometimes I went to the mountains and sometimes to the depths of the valleys to find the homes of the martens, the hedgehogs, or white ermines, or went step by step along the thickets searching for the nests of the goldfinches, or of the yellowhammers, the chaffinches, or linnets. Yet already I used to make some notes of rustic song, and under the young elms sounded the reeds when almost a child. I could not well say or think who taught me to begin so soon; either a nature inclined to the Muses, or my fortune that so marked me for your service; if it was not one of these, I may be sure that it was both. Seeing which the good Janot (Jean Marot) my father, would wager with Jaquet, his comrade, two twin lambs against a fat calf that some day, O sacred Pan, I should make songs in thy praise, songs, that is which would please thee. And I remember how often on holidays, when we looked from afar on our feeding flocks it was his custom to give me a lesson in the sweet sounding of the flute, or the inditing of some rural song to be sung in the manner of the shepherds. Of evenings, too, when the scattered flocks were folded, the good old man worked for me, and watched late with me by the lamp, as shepherds by the fireside stoop over their magpies or starlings. True it is that this gave trouble to him, but it was so full of pleasure, that in

doing it he was like the good shepherd who is watering some young plant in his little garden, or bringing to the teat the lamb that he loves best in all his flock. And the great labour he took surely was that, after his example, in a day to come, I might sing thy praise, O Pan, who enlarged his bounds, preserved the verdure of his fields, and kept his flock from frost."

This picture of Clement's early bent towards song, and the tender reference to his father's careful training, is represented by the next stanza of Spenser's eclogue :

"And for I was in thilke same looser years
(Whether the muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I too much believed my shepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to song and music's mirth.
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same."

There can be little doubt that Marot contrived this poem with a double sense, like that which is frequent in the "Fairy Queen." Pan is as distinctly God in Marot's eclogue as the Fairy Queen is the glory of God in Spenser's allegory. But as Queen Elizabeth might find herself, and was referred to purposely sometimes by double senses in Gloriana, so in this poem Marot meant that King Francis should be able to read himself into Pan, the god of shepherds, patron of poets. Francis had been the later source of Jean Marot's income, Clement was trained to serve him, Francis wrote verse himself, as the next passage indicates. But Marot put his soul also into the deeper sense of the allegory. Also there was the word of God, uttered in music, on the lips of the psalmist and the prophets.

And to that Marot was even planning to attune the voices of his countrymen.

Recalling still the time when the poet-father hung over his son as guide and protector, Clement proceeds thus: "'Pan,' he would say, 'is the triumphant god over the pastors. It is he, my child, who first pierced the reeds and took counsel with himself to form them into flutes. Even he also deigns to be careful in use of the art which I will teach you. Learn it, then, that the hills and woods, the rocks and pools, may learn from your voice to sing after you the high name of this great god, who is so often in my mind; for it is he through whom your field, your vine will yield abundance, and who will make you to dwell pleasantly among the sacred rills. There you will have on one side the great enclosure of thick willows, where the honey-bees go to suck flowers for their pasture, and will often lull you to sleep by their soft humming, even then when you shall feel your rustic flute weary with its much music. Then soon afterwards from the next thicket, the pie will wake you with its chattering, the dove, too, will awaken you to sing again your best.' Thus, careful for my good, the good Janot spoke to me, and little then I minded. For then I had no care within my heart for cattle or for any pasturage."

For this record of fatherly religious counsel Spenser substitutes, in two stanzas, the advent of love to the young shepherd. Marot continues:

"When the Spring fails us, and the Summer comes, then the herb grows in form and strength. So when I too, had passed out of my Spring, and my days came to their Summer, the sense grew, but not the care.

Then I employed my mind, and body too, on things most suited to that age, in building cotes of wood that could be carried, in rolling them from place to place, in strewing rushes on their floors; in trimming trellises, bushes, and hedges; in the right interlacing of the hurdles that were to close the sheep folds; or in weaving, to make cheese, baskets of osier with rush fastenings of which I used, for I loved her then, to make presents to Helen the blonde. I learnt the names of the four parts of the world. I learnt the names of the winds which proceed from them, their qualities, and what weather they bring; of which the birds, those wise diviners of the fields, gave me instruction by their flight and song. I learnt also, when I went to the pastures to avoid dangerous herbage, and to know and cure many ailments which sometimes hurt the creatures in our fields; but, above all things, by as much as I loved the white rose more than the hawthorn, I loved best to sound my pipes and make them resound through all bucolic notes and songs, songs of lament and melancholy songs. So that one day the listening oreads, fauns, dryads, sylphs, and satyrs, wept to hear, and the more sovereign gods wept also, and the shepherdess Margot who is of worth so great. No wonder that they wept, for I caused my pipes to sing the death, alas, the death of Loisette, who now takes delight in looking down from heaven upon her flocks here below."

In Spenser this passage is paraphrased by the following stanzas:

"Then as the Spring gives place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of Summer's pride;

Also my age now passéd youthly prime
To things of riper season self applied,
And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheep and me from shame.

"To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding saile
Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
I learned also the signs of heaven to ken
How Phœbe fails, where Venus sits, and when.

"And triéd Time yet taught me greater things;
The sudden rising of the raging seas,
The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restless sheep,
And which be wont to work eternal sleep."

A stanza representing plaint of love is then substituted by Spenser for these next thoughts of Marot:

"Another time, for love of my beloved, I hung up my pipes against all comers, and on that day it was hard to know which of the two had won the prize, Merlin or I, when with noble step Thony came into the field to bring us to accord, and adorned two shepherds' crooks of equal length with many violets, then gave them to us for his pleasure, but I yielded the right of choice to Merlin."

This is Marot's brotherly reference to Mellin de St. Gelais, the poet of his own time, who stood next himself in reputation. The Thony who stepped nobly was another poet of the day, distinct from Antoine Heroët. Scattered about Marot's writing is abundant evidence of his fine sense of the brotherhood of letters. The

sense of his own genius only made him the more able to perceive and prompt to recognise the genius of others. There was room in his heart to

> "Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo."

Love of his work meant brotherhood with all his honest fellow workers, and with all who, out of fellow feeling, gave to work of his and theirs willing attention. Marot proceeds:

"And dost thou think, O kind God Pan, that the practice and the daily pains I took to sound the flute were only that I might obtain the prize? No; but I sought to learn so well that thou, who art the Prince of Shepherds, shouldst take pleasure in the hearing of my song, as in the hearing of the wave upon the shore, or the fall of the water springs from the high rocks into the valley. Truly this was the greatest care that I had then, and I take to witness of it the golden Phœbus, who looks down on me and sees me if this close wood do not shut him out, and who has seen me cross many a rock and many a flood that I might come nearer to thee.

"Then did the gods of heaven and of earth make me so happy, even the wood gods, that thou hadst pleasure in my little rustic notes, and didst listen to my hymns and canticles, permitting me to sing them in thy temple, where still I contemplate the image of thy grandeur which bears in one hand the rich and strong pastoral crook of hard service-wood, and the other holds the pipe of seven reeds, made according to the harmony of the Heavens, wherein are the seven

high and radiant gods, and denoting the seven Liberal Arts which are inscribed within thy holy head girt with its crown of pine.

"Thus and then in the Summer of my days it pleased me more in our rustic meetings to have done that, O Pan, which was pleasing to thee, or which might in some measure delight thine ear, than to have as many sheep as Tityrus. And a hundred times more did it please me to hear said, 'Pan looks with favour on the shepherd Robin,' than to see three hundred cattle about my home. For then I had no care within my heart for cattle or for any pasturage.

"But now that I am in Autumn I know not what unaccustomed care surprises me, so that the strain of song becomes in me, not weary or vain, but sad and slow; and, in truth, often stretched on the grass, I hear my pipes, hung on a tree in a fresh breeze, murmur against me that I had made them idle. Then suddenly desire awakes again, and wishing to do wondrously in song, finds fixed before its eyes this Care which makes it sad, dismays it; for so swarthy pale is Care, so ugly, that at sight of her the rustic Muse, even the bold heroic Muse, is chilled. Both in a moment turn and fly from her, like sheep before the wolf's gaunt hideousness.

"I hear on the other side the harsh noise of the wood-pecker, the kite whistle, and the bittern boom, see the starling, the heron, and the swallow strangely wheel about, warning me that cold has come of the sad Winter that unclothes the earth. On the other side I hear the north wind whistling winter, and my flocks, in dread of it and worse, keep themselves crouching

huddled in a heap. To hear them bleat one would say that they wished with me to call thee to their help, and that they know that thou hast fed them from their birth."

Spenser continues the adaptation of Marot's idea of the change of seasons, the advent of winter to the love plaint in his December eclogue. It will be enough to quote two stanzas in illustration:

"So now my year draws to his latter term,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt up quite,
My harvest hastes to stir up winter stern
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right.
So now his storms with many a sturdy stour,
So now his blustering blast each coast does scour.

"The careful cold hath nipped my rugged rind
And in my face deep furrows eld hath pight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright.
Delight is laid abed; and pleasure past;
No sun now shines; clouds have all overcast."

Then follows Spenser's close. Thus ends Marot:—

"I do not ask, O sovereign goodness, for two thousand acres of pasture in Touraine, nor for a thousand oxen wandering over the grass of the Auvergne hills. It is enough for me if thou save my flock from the wolves, the bears, the lions, and the lynxes, and me from frost, for coming winter has begun to snow upon my head.

"Then Care will no more spoil my song, but fly from me more swiftly than she makes the Muses fly before her, when she shall see that I have thy favour. Then my pipe which hangs from the oak will quickly

be taken down by me, and I shall sing in safety throughout the winter, more loudly and clearly than ever I did in summer time. Then in knowledge, music, and tone, one of my verses shall be worth a song, a song worth a rustic eclogue, and an eclogue a bucolic. What shall I say more? Let come what may: rather shall the Rhone run upwards, rather shall the great forest have no branches in it, swans become black, crows white, than I forget thee, O Pan great of renown, or cease to give praise to thy high name. Up, my sheep, flock small and lean, leap around me with glad heart, for already Pan from his green mansion has done this good to me, that he has heard my prayer."

Edmund Kirke, whose explanations of the Shepherd's Calendar fall very far short of a true insight into his friend's work, makes one or two references to Marot. In his gloss on Spenser's name of Colin Clout—taken undoubtedly from Skelton—E. K. writes, "Colin Clout is a name not greatly used, and yet have I seen a poesy of M. Skelton's under that title. But indeed the word of Colin is French, and used by the French poet Marot, if he be worthy of the name of a poet, in a certain Eclogue." On the name of Roffy in the ninth Eclogue E. K. says that it is "the name of a shepherd in Marot his eclogue of Robin and the king." It is Marot's pastoral form of the name of his publisher, Pierre Roffet. Upon the eleventh Eclogue, E. K. states in the argument that it is made in imitation of "Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Losie, the French Queen." But of

the twelfth Eclogue he gives us no hint that it also is made in imitation of one of "Marot his songs," being that one before mentioned of Robin and the King. Thomas Warton was the first to point out the parallel, but he overstated it in saying that Spenser's twelfth Eclogue was "literally translated" from Marot's Pan and Robin. Less direct indications of the influence of Marot on young Spenser are to be found also in other passages of Spenser's early verse.